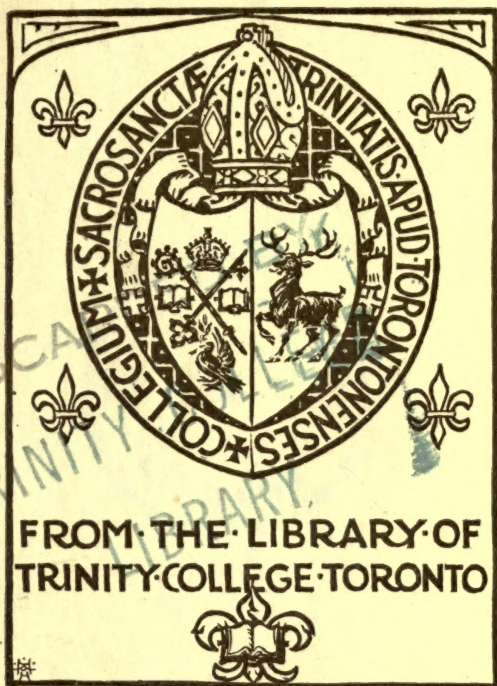




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*L. Sterne*







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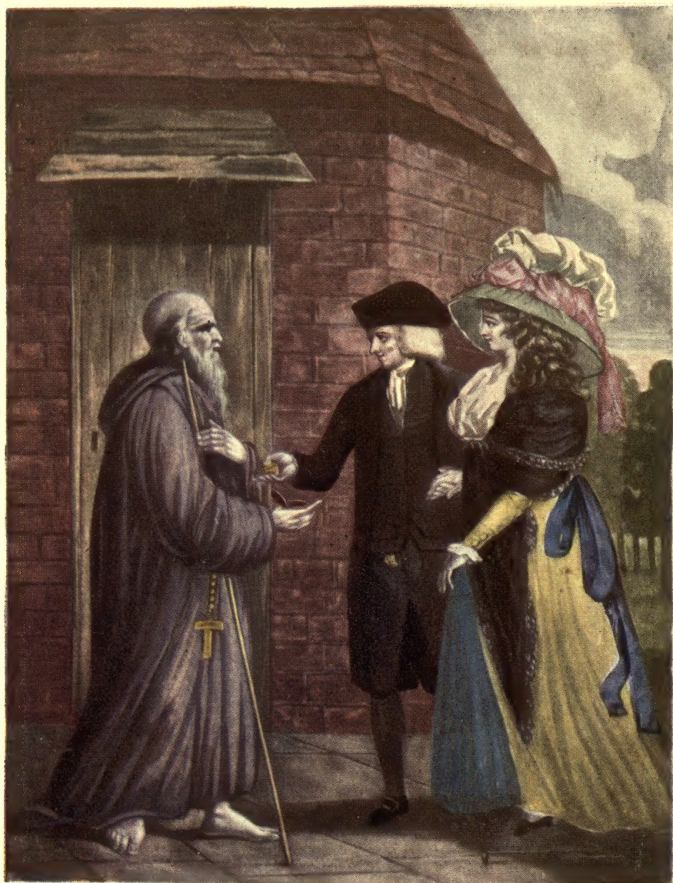












STERNE EXCHANGING HIS SNUFF-BOX WITH THE MONK.

*From a colour-print published by R. Sayers, 1780  
(in the collection of Mr. W. V. Daniell).*



THE LIFE AND LETTERS  
OF  
LAURENCE STERNE

BY  
LEWIS MELVILLE, pseud. of  
Lewis Saul Benjamin

"Laugh I will, my lord, and as loud as I can."  
STERNE TO WARBURTON.

WITH TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING TWO  
FRONTISPIECES IN COLOUR

IN TWO VOLUMES

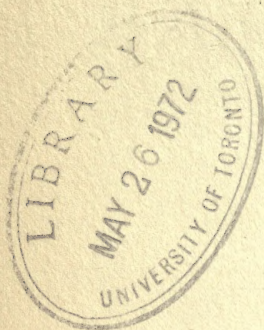
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# The Life and Letters of LAURENCE STERNE

## CHAPTER XIV

AT TOULOUSE AND MONTPELLIER

1762-1764

Sterne's Letters to Hall-Stevenson, Foley, Thomas Becket, Lord Fauconberg, and Mr. Ferguson.

ABOUT ten days after the arrival of his wife and daughter at Paris, Sterne set out with them for Toulouse, where he proposed to remain for some months—"a year," he said in one of his letters written soon after he was settled at Toulouse, "will tire us all out I know."

### *Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

TOULOUSE, August 12, 1762.

MY DEAR H[ALL],

By the time you have got to the end of this long letter you will perceive that I have not been able to answer your last till now.—I have had the intention of doing it almost as often as my prayers in my head—'tis thus we use our

best friends.—What an infamous story is that you have told me!—After some little remarks on it, the rest of my letter will go on, like silk. — is a good-natured old easy fool, and has been deceived by the most artful of her sex, and she must have abundance of impudence and charlatanery, to have carried on such a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for so much money—a man of sense I should have laughed at.—My wife saw her when in town, and she had not the appearance of poverty; but when she wants to melt —’s heart she puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.—But he might have been aware of her. I could not have been mistaken in her character—and ’tis odd she should talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverse—so good-night to her.—About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the same accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a vessel in my lungs. It happened in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms—this saved me, and, with lying speechless three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and, in a week after, I got out.—This, with my weakness and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haste to Toulouse.—We have had four months of such heats that the oldest Frenchman never remembers the like—’twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar’s oven*, and never has relaxed one hour—in the height of this, ’twas our destiny (or rather destruction) to set out by way of Lyons,

Montpellier, etc. to shorten, I trow, our sufferings—Good God!—but 'tis over—and here I am in my own house, quite settled by M[acarty]'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can express, or know how to pay at present.—'Tis in the prettiest situation in Toulouse, with near two acres of garden—the house too good by half for us—well furnished, for which I pay thirty pounds a year.—I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais*.—The Abbé has planned our expences, and set us in such a train, we cannot easily go wrong—though by the bye, the d—l is seldom found sleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris—I took care to see all executed according to your directions—but Trotter, I dare say, by this, has wrote to you—I made him happy beyond expression with your “Crazy Tales,” and more so with its frontispiece.\*—I am in spirits, writing a crazy chapter—with my face turned towards thy turret.—'Tis now I wish all warmer climates, countries, and every thing else, at —, that separates me from our paternal seat—*ce sera là où reposera ma cendre*—*et ce sera là où mon cousin viendra repondre les pleurs dues à notre amitié*.—I am taking asses' milk three times a day, and cows' milk as often.—I long to see thy face again once more.—Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiselle Shandy

\* This frontispiece is reproduced as an illustration in this work. See Vol. I., p. 121.



at York, who send all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate cousin,

L. S.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, August 14, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

After many turnings (*alias* digression), to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, etc., about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years.—In our journey we suffered so much from the heats it gives me pain to remember it—I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd, and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were ate up at night by bugs, and other unswept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at.—Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig leaves—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any.—To mend the matter, my two postillions were

two dough-hearted fools, and fell a-crying.—Nothing was to be done ! “By heaven,” quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, “something shall be done, for I’ll thrash you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves.”—Our luggage weighed ten quintals—’twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were ask’d by every soul who pass’d by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—“No wonder,” quoth I, “we have goods enough ! *vous avez raison, mes amis.*”

Well ! here we are after all, my dear friend—and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnish’d, and elegant beyond anything I look’d for.—’Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the best garden in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large, that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent—“the more the merrier.”—The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the Baron D’Holbach’s ; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing-rooms to them—below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company. I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices. Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of

town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other.—My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this ? neither more or less than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very very little.—I dined yesterday with Mr. H[ewitt]; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D[iderot], the book-seller was a fool not to send the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wish you was with me for two months ; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily—but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere.—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for

I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

TOULOUSE, October 19, 1762.

I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishments of all thy lunary and sublunary projects.—For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many stories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me.—The physicians here are the errantest charlatans in



Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature.—She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, that one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death. I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be—and am busy playing the fool with my Uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love.—I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I trust as I wish in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse—I cannot see I have any thing more to do with it; therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnières, I shall return from whence I came.—Now my wife wants to stay another year to save money, and this opposition of wishes, though it will not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar-candy.—I wish T[ollot] would lead Sir Charles [Danvers] to Toulouse; 'tis as good as any town in the south of France—for my own part, 'tis not to my taste—but I believe, the ground-work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French characters—little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cause—for they are very civil—but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bidders one to death—If I do not mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious.—Miss Shandy is hard at it with music,

dancing, and French speaking, in the last of which she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean Mountains.—If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend two or three months at Barège, or Bagnères, but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expences—which wicked propensity (tho' not of despotic power) yet I cannot suffer—tho' by the bye laudable enough.—But she may talk—I will do my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject.—Who can say so much in praise of his wife? Few I trow.—[Abbé] M[acarty] is out of town vintaging—so write to me, *Monsieur Sterne, gentilhomme Anglois*—'twill find me.—We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope—so write a long nonsensical letter like this, now and then to me,—in which say nothing but what may be shewn, (tho' I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen, others might not) for you must know, a letter no sooner arrives from England but curiosity is upon her knees to know the contents.—Adieu, dear H[all], believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days—which has obliged us to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noses—'tis a dear article—but everything else being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house, with *soupe, bouilli, roti*, etc., etc., for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, November 9, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

I have had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner—and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M——'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favour.—In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love.—Thank you for having done what I desired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's \*—I receive all letters through him more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house.—

H[ewitt]'s family greet you with mine—we are much together, and never forget you—forget me not to the Baron [D'Holbach] and all the circle—nor to your domestic circle.—

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my Uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—so God help them.—I shall hear from you in a post or two at least after you receive this—in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

\* Of Brousse et Fils, Bankers, Toulouse.



*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*TOULOUSE, *Wednesday, December 8, 1762.*

DEAR FOLEY,

I have for this last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. Brousse and fils, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you with the Remittance I desired you to send me here.—When a man has no more than half a dozen Guineas in his pocket—and a thousand miles from home—and in a Country where he can as soon raise the Devil, as a six livre piece to go to market with—in Case he has changed his last Guinea—you will not envy my situation.—God bless you—remit me the Ballance due upon the receipt of this. I have just recd. a Letter from my Agent that he has payd 50 pounds more to Mr. Selwin to be remitted me—of which you will rec<sup>ve</sup> advice in a day or two.

We are all at Hodges'—practising a play we are to act here this X<sup>mas</sup> Holy days—all the Dramatis Personæ are all of the English, of which we have a happy Society living all together like Brothers and Sisters.

My Banker here has just sent me word the Tea Mr. Hodges wrote for, is to be delivered to me—'tis all one into whose hands the Treasure is given—we shall pay Brousse for it the Day we get it.—We all join in our most friendly resp<sup>ts</sup>—and believe me, Dear Foley, truly yours,

L. STERNE.\*

\* Forster Collection, in the South Kensington Museum.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, December 17, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

The post after I wrote last, I received yours with the inclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound—so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night—fiddling, laughing and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you.—There are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses, and preparing some of our best comedies.—Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement*—and I assure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play “The Busy Body” \*—and “The Journey to London” † the week after; but I have some thoughts of adapting it to our situation—and making it “The Journey to Toulouse,” which, with the change of half a dozen scenes, may be easily done.—Thus, my dear F.,

\* Mrs. Centlivre’s comedy, first performed at Drury Lane in 1709.

† *The Journey to London* was written by Vanbrugh, but left in a fragmentary condition. It was completed by Colley Cibber and produced, under the title of *The Provok’d Husband*, at Drury Lane in 1728.



for want of something better we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.—My service to the rest. H[ewitt]'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us—they will be with me all the holidays.—In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities.

Adieu,

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Thomas Becket*

TOULOUSE, *March 12, 1763.*

It is some time, and indeed a long time, that I have neglected answering y<sup>rs</sup>; I was some time in doubt whether I sh<sup>d</sup> not defer writing and bring the acknowledgment myself, having thought I sh<sup>d</sup> get back to England by April. I cannot accomplish this so soon, nor shall I defer it so long as to make it needful to send over before me the continuation of "Shandy." You tell me you scarce sell any of them. I should be extremely glad to know the *exact account* of what you have left upon y<sup>r</sup> hands. I have no doubt upon my mind of the edition selling off, and I hope by this time you will have more hopes yourself. But be so good, dear Sir, as to write me a line in answer to this. My sermons are ready with a month's labour, when I see a seasonable occasion for their appearance. I sh<sup>d</sup> much sooner chuse you sh<sup>d</sup>

publish them, or what else I write, than any other.\*

[L. STERNE.]

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, *March 29, 1763.*

DEAR FOLEY,

Though that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Hr. H[ewitt]'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—"How does 'Tristram' do?" you say in yours to him—faith but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that is a second lie—for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand per cent.—I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grillé*. P—— they can make nothing of him but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve as they acted out of necessity—not choice.—My kind respects to Baron D'Holbach, and all his household.—Say all that's kind for

\* *The Morrison MSS.*

The letter is endorsed: "Mr. Sterne, ansd. April 7th, 1763.  
The state of *Shandy*, viz:

Sold . . . . .	182
Remnant . . . . .	991
Acc <sup>d</sup> for before . . . . .	2,827
No. printed . . . . .	4,000."

me to my other friends—you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs.—My wife's compliments.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, April 18, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,

I thank you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post.—I was not surprised much with your account of Lord —— being obliged to give way—and for the rest, all follows in course.—I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters—at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself—which is wishing enough for you—all the rest is in the brain—Mr. Woodhouse (whom you know) is also here—he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure of having him much with me—in a short time he proceeds to Italy. The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills, at Bagnères, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— sets out, at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Courtray—from whence to Italy.—This is the



general plan of operation here—except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances—so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday.—On all days of the week, believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P.S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

Last post my agent wrote me word he would send up from York a bill for fourscore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he said he would expedite immediately, so 'tis possible you may have had advice of it—and 'tis possible also the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I set out for Bagnères in that time, be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a rescription for the money, or a draught for it—at the receipt of which, we shall decamp for ten or twelve weeks.—You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which send also.—So much for that—as for pleasure—you have it all amongst you at Paris—we have nothing here which deserves the name—I shall scarce be

tempted to sojourn another winter in Toulouse—for I cannot say it suits my health as I hoped—'tis too moist—and I cannot keep clear of agues here—so that if I stay the next winter on this side of the water—'twill be either at Nice or Florence—and I shall return to England in April.—Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiselle present their best compliments.—Remember me to all I regard, particularly Messrs. Panchaud, and the rest of your *household*.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, May 21, 1763.

I took the liberty, three weeks ago, to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in a fortnight.—It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnères—and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things packed up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have trusted to my honour—that all the cash in

your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not*.—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London.—But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R—— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum.

I am, dear F[oley], your friend  
and hearty well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

I saw the family of the H[ewitt]s yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living.—They said yea—for they had just received a letter from you.—After all, I heartily forgive you,—for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness.—All compliments to ——. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis on my way to England.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, June 9, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

I this moment received yours—consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it.—So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you so



testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cause; which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:—I was the best friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, “That he was oppressed with a multitude of business.” Go on, my dear Foley, and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest), that I would be content to suffer a *real evil* without future murmuring—but in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me—but which, out of a nicety of temper, I would not make any use of—I set out in two days for Bagnères, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters.—Dear Foley, adieu,—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, *June 12, 1763.*

DEAR FOLEY,

Luckily just before I was stepping into my chaise for Bagnères, has a strayed fifty-pound bill found its way to me; so I have sent it to its lawful owner inclosed.—My noodle of an agent, instead of getting Mr. Selwin to advise

you he had received the money (which would have been enough), has got a bill for it, and sent it rambling to the furthest part of France after me; and if it had not caught me just now, it might have followed me into Spain, for I shall cross the Pyreneans, and spend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon.—When I write the history of my travels—Memorandum! I am not to forget how honest a man I have for a banker at Paris.—But, my dear friend, when you say you dare trust me for what little occasions I may have, you have as much faith as honesty—and more of both than of good policy.—I thank you however ten thousand times—and except such liberty as I have lately taken with you—and that too at a pinch—I say beyond that I will not trespass upon your good-nature, or friendliness, to serve me.—God bless you, dear Foley,

I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Thomas Becket*

BAGNÈRES DE BIGORRE, GASCOIGNE, EN FRANCE,

July 15, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

I know not whether you recd. it or no, but I wrote a Letter in answer to yrs. of the 7th. of April, which gave me the state of the Account of the 5 and 6 of “Shandy”—by wch. it appears You had still remaining in yr. hands 991 Copies & consequently that since you settled with Mrs. Sterne, You had sold 182

Copies; the purport of my Letter was therefore to desire You to remit me twenty pounds—but not having heard a word from You since in answer, or any Intimation from Mr. Foley, my Banquer, that he had recd. the Summ, I suppose by some Accident or Mistake, my Letter never yet found its Way to You.

Since that time possibly You may have disposed of some more Copies (and in Case you have not remitted the particular Sum I wrote for) be so kind as to remit me the ballance between in a Bill drawn upon Mr. Foley at Paris, and inclosed to me at this place, where I shall stay till the Spaw Season is over, wch. will be abt. the middle of September. I shall be early in the Spring in England; & indeed should set out most willingly for it this Autumn, but that I dread the Effects of meeting the Winter wth. You, after the warmth of this Climate;—when the worst of the Winter is past I shall set out and without apprehension, being much recovered in my health.

I have sent from Bordeaux a Box of Books I directed either to You or Mr. Edmundson, pray apprise him of it, in Case they shd. be brought to him—& let him know they are all English Books, & printed in England—wch. will make a difference in regard to the Duty—present my Compts. to him & all who honour me wth. an Enquiry.—

I am dear Sir

Yrs. truly,

L. STERNE.\*

\* British Musuem, Add. MSS., 21508 f. 47.



At Bagnères the Pyrenean air brought on continual attacks on his lungs, and it seemed to Sterne that there was no remedy but change of place and air. Accordingly, with a heavy heart, he travelled so often over the south of France that, as he wrote to a friend in London, he feared in these times of unrest he might be taken for a spy.\* Until he settled at Montpellier, about the beginning of October, he was never well.

The belief was still prevalent abroad that all Englishmen who travelled were *grands seigneurs*, and this, of course, resulted in the price of board and lodging being raised to their detriment. At Montpellier especially the continuous incursion of invalids to the town made residence there a somewhat expensive pleasure. Montpellier was indeed, at this period, perhaps the most famous invalid resort in Europe. It was a gay place, and the visitors were sociable, each new-comer being called upon by those of his fellow-countrymen who were already established there; concerts were given twice a week, and the theatre was opened for the winter season. The English physician was Dr. FitzMaurice, but the most eminent medical man was Professor Fizès, known as the Boerhaave of Montpellier, although according to Smollett he did not deserve his great reputation.† Smollett was at Montpellier

\* From an unpublished letter in the possession of the late Alfred H. Huth.

† For further particulars of Fizès and of Smollett's attack

for a week in November 1763, when he made the acquaintance of the Sterne family, and by his complaints and splenetic comments induced his fellow-invalid, the author of "*Tristram Shandy*," to dub him "*Smelfungus*"—a nickname that has endured to the present day.

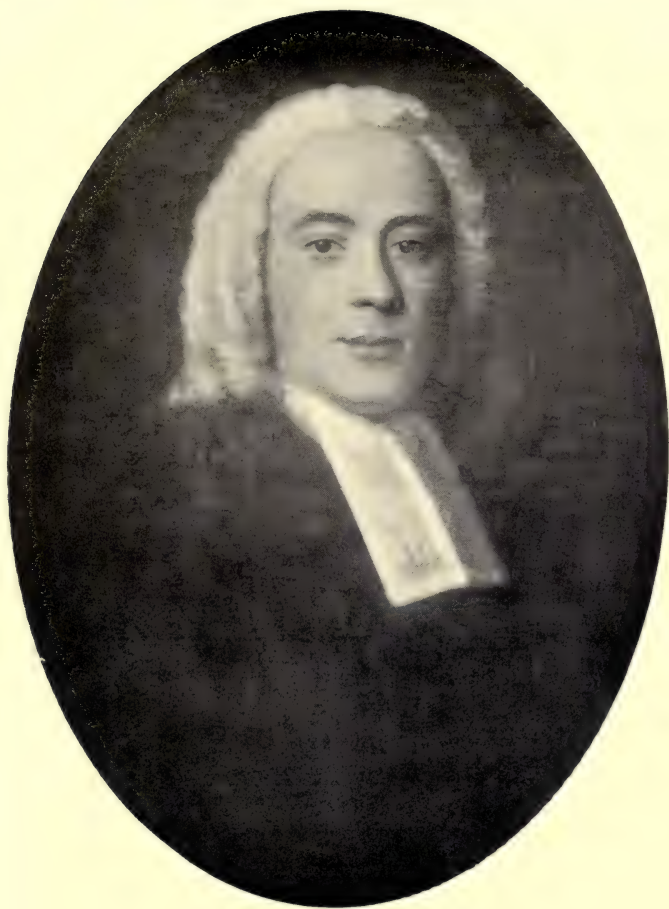
*Laurence Sterne to Lord Fauconberg*

MONTPELLIER, *September 30, 1763.*

I could not think of turning my face homewards without enquiring whether there was anything in this part of the world I could do or purchase for your lordship, before I decamped. I have run over everything in my mind, but can think of nothing except wine, of which I would gladly send you a hogshead as a specimen.

You must know, my Lord, that the vintage this year about Bordeaux is quite destroyed by a terrible hail, which cut up all the vines throughout the whole district which furnishes you with so very much good claret in England. This, I find, has set many commissions a going in this neighbourhood, to buy up the strong, ordinary wines, which,—as they will bear the sea and can be shipped for 40s. a hogshead at Lett, near this town, and landed at London for 20s. more—will not be drunk at more than 2s. a bottle. But your Lordship understands this calculation better than I; this I am persuaded of, that

upon him, see Mr. Thomas Seecombe's admirable Introduction to Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy* (World's Classics, 1907).



LAURENCE STERNE.

(See p. 22.)

*From a painting by Ramsay at Jesus College, Cambridge.*





many hundred tons will be both given and bought for French wine—which they truly are in one sense, though not in another. If, upon the whole, your Lordship thinks a couple of hogs-heads worth the duty, I should be very happy in being allowed to present you with them, which I will warrant shall be the best of their kind, as I am in particular friendship with a person here who has a large commission for the vines of this present vintage, to ship to London. Your Lordship will let me have the honour of a line upon this head, and of a much more valuable one, your Lordship's health, which I hope is better by Coxwould air and Coxwould exercise. The air is as cold, by fits, here as with you, and I'm persuaded in winter will be more thin and penetrating, but the air is elastic and the sky generally clear, and the temptations to get out o' doors more frequent. This place has had a bad character of late years as the grave of consumptive people. I see nothing yet to terrify me upon that score. It may do hurt, but where it does no hurt, I believe it will do great good, and for my own part, I love to run hazards rather than die by inches.

I had proposed to have spent the winter months with my family at Aix or Marseilles. We have been there and found objections to both, to Marseilles especially, from the dearness of living and house-rent, which last was so enormous, I could not take the most miserable apartments under nine or ten guineas a month. Every thing else in proportion, so we returned directly here—where things are moderate enough

—though a third dearer than at Toulouse, where the cheapness and plenty of everything is astonishing. This weighs much with my wife, who being a good economist, has a strong desire to return there, and stay a year behind me with my daughter. She talks of nothing less than saving as much money in a year as will equip them in clothes, etc. for seven. My system is to let her please herself, so I shall return to Coxwould alone, and manage my health and self in my own country as well as I can in the future, for I'm more than half tired of France, as fine a country as it is—but there is the *pour* and the *contre* for every place—all of which being balanced, I think Old England preferable to any kingdom in the world.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for this long letter, and beg leave to present my respects and wishes to Lord Ballasyse, whom I hope to see as much honoured in the world for his good conduct and good heart as for his birth and title. Mr. Bellasyse I beg to be remembered to, and my wife and daughter join with me in all kind compliments to the ladies.

*Postscript* :—I purpose to set off for Coxwould about Candlemas day—or rather as soon as Mr. Chapman remits me my Christmas receipts, as I can neither leave Madame with an empty purse or travel eight hundred miles with one myself. If the weather is not too cold, I purpose, for the sake of avoiding both Paris and London, to return by Genoa, and then fall down the Rhine to Holland, by which means I shall see all the great cities upon the Rhine, and after



a week's stay in Holland, may embark directly for Hull, and be landed within a day of my own parish.\*

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

MONTPELLIER, October 5, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,

I am ashamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brousse, your correspondent in Toulouse, in case I should have occasion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres—which, as I knew the offer came from your heart, I made no difficulty of accepting.—In my way through Toulouse to Marseilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouse has given me a surfeit), we have returned here, where we shall reside the winter.—My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me and, when winter is over, to return to Toulouse, or go to Montauban, where they will stay till they return, or I fetch them—For myself, I shall set out in February for England, where my heart has been these six months—but I shall stay a fortnight with my friends at Paris ; though I verily believe, if it was not for the pleasure of seeing and chattering with you, I should pass on directly to Brussels, and so on to Rotterdam, for the sake of seeing Holland, and embark from thence to London.—But I must

\* *Hist. MSS. Com.*, Report XVI. Vol. II. pp. 190, 191.

stay a little with those I love and have so many reasons to regard—you cannot place too much of this to your own score.—I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago—but I must like my subject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind.—Pray what English have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F[ox]? We hear of three or four English families coming to us here.—If I can be serviceable to any you would serve, you have but to write.—Mr. H[ewitt?] has sent my friend W——’s picture.—You have seen the original, or I would have sent it you—I believe I shall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come *in propria personâ*—till when, God bless you, my dear friend, and believe me

Most faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Thomas Becket*

MONTPELLIER, Oct. 18, 1763.

I wrote my last letter to you from home with so much haste that I forgot the principal thing I had in my intention and which I had in a former letter desired you to be good enough to inform me about. I mean, what is the real state of our accounts, or, in other words, how many sets of “Shandy” you have got off to Booksellers and others since the 7th of last April? I am much obliged to you for your leave to let me draw upon you for the summ you mentioned, but should be infinitely more easy to know

how much you have in your hands of mine. Therefore, dear Sir, favour me with an exact state of this, for tho' 'tis more a matter of curiosity than anything else, yet I would rather have it satisfied now than three months hence, when I shall see you and have all things settled.\*

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

MONTPELLIER, *January 5, 1764.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you.—The last is a periodical habit—the first is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember—however, from both motives together I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line—be it only to tell me how your watch goes.—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well.—You are going to have them all to yourself (I hear), and that Mr. S—— is true to his first intention of leaving business—I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long-wished-for retreat of tranquillity and silence.—When you have got to your fire-side, and into your arm-chair (and, by the bye, have another to spare for a friend), and are so much a sovereign as to sit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I should not (for a man's

\* *Sterne at Home* (*Cornhill Magazine*, November 1892). Reprinted in this volume by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.



ideas are at least the cleaner for being dressed decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you—and in a very unghostlike fashion help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

*January 15.*—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health, should be concluded in the greatest weakness—I wish the vulgar high and low do not say it was a judgment upon me, for taking all this liberty with *ghosts*.—Be it as it may—I took a ride, when the first part of this was wrote, towards Perenas—and returned home in a shivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast; and he was as immoveable as Don Quixotte's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him.—“This,” quoth I, “is inhuman.”—“No,” says a peasant on foot behind me, “I'll drive him home”—so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas needless—as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot.—But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed—I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly—but unless the spirit of prophecy deceive me—I shall not die but live—in the mean time, dear Foley, let us live as merrily, but *as innocently* as we can.—It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishoprick to me—and *I desire no other*.—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours,

L. S.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

MONTPELLIER, January 20 [1764].

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Hearing by Lord Rochford (who in passing thro' here in his way to Madrid has given me a call), that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris—I have inclosed a letter to him, which you will present in course, or direct to him.—I suppose you are full of English—but in short we are here as if in another world, where unless some stray'd soul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours.—Lord G——r I suppose is gone from Paris, or I had wrote also to him. I know you are as busy as a bee, and have few moments to yourself—nevertheless bestow one of them upon an old friend, and write me a line—and if Mr. F[ox] is too idle, and has ought to say to me, pray write a second line for him.—We had a letter from Miss P—— this week, who it seems has decamp'd for ever from Paris.—*All is for the best*—which is my general reflection upon many things in this world.—Well! I shall shortly come and shake you by the hand in St. Sauveur—if still you are there.—My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnères—I on the contrary go and visit my wife, the church in Yorkshire.—We all live the longer—at least the happier, for having things our own way.—This is my conjugal maxim—I own 'tis not the best of maxims—but I maintain 'tis not the worst. Adieu, dear Foley, and believe me

Yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Ferguson*

MONTPELLIER, February 1, 1764.

I am preparing, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it.—That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend Yorick.—I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me—and so my physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month—"If you stay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you."—"And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?"—After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chuses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.—The states of Languedoc are met—'tis a fine raree-shew, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shews. I believe I shall step into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights, than a Frenchman would to fly to them—and except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits; and every step I take that brings me nearer England, will I think help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr. F[oley] at Paris, and tell me, what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourself.—My wife chuses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truly passive.—If this



should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfil your commissions—and so adieu.—Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons rafraichissants*—'tis a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards pass'd thro' a sieve.—There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

## CHAPTER XV

### PARIS, COXWOLD, AND BATH

1764—1765

The state of Sterne's health—Mrs. Sterne's ill-humours—His concern for his daughter—He leaves Montpellier—Arrives at Paris—He preaches before the Ambassador—Meets Wilkes and Hume—Indulges in a flirtation—Returns to Coxwold—Writes volumes VII. and VIII. of "Tristram Shandy"—Compelled to abandon preaching—Letters—Visit to Scarborough—Publication of the new volumes of "Tristram Shandy"—Spends the winter in London—Goes to Bath for his health—Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey—Sterne's correspondence with her—Sutton vicarage burnt down—Lady Percy.

It has been seen that Sterne remained in the south of France much longer than had been his original intention, and, though he dwelt so little as possible upon the subject in his correspondence, there can be no doubt that his ill-health was the cause of the prolonged sojourn. Whenever he was feeling better he hastened to declare that he was entirely recovered—a delusion happily granted to the *poitrinaire*; but, notwithstanding this optimistic view, he could not disguise from his friends that he was subject to frequent attacks of illness. Not the quiet life he led, nor, indeed, anything he might do, could effect a cure: all that rest and care could do was for a brief space to prolong his life.

Sterne left Montpellier in February 1764, and travelled direct to Paris. Though some acquaintances hinted that he had now, by his own desire, entered into what was practically a formal separation from his wife, this was certainly not the case. He had indeed little or no affection for Mrs. Sterne, whose humours irritated him not a little, though there is Tollot's authority for it that "*il supporte tous ces désagréments avec une patience d'ange*"; but his love for his daughter was so strong that he would not break off intercourse with her mother, for whose domestic comforts, as the following letters show, he was ever actively concerned.

*Laurence Sterne to Lydia Sterne*

PARIS, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but



sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guittar—and as you have no genius for drawing (tho' you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it.—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnères—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be open as my heart.—I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an odd subject your mother will say).<sup>\*</sup> There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too.—I shall leave Paris in a few days—I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. Tollot—they are good and generous souls.—Tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me,

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

If Sterne would gladly have had his daughter with him, even at the price of her mother's company, he certainly did not take her absence so much to heart as to prevent his enjoying himself. He went into society at Paris, and was

<sup>\*</sup> "The Case of Hezekiah and the Messengers" has been reprinted as No. XVII. of the *Sermons*.

as before *fêted* to his heart's content ; he met Wilkes, whom he presented with a beautifully printed copy of Catullus ; and he made the acquaintance of David Hume, who was attached to the British Embassy.

Of Hume, in "A Sentimental Journey," Sterne told a good story :

A prompt French Marquis at our ambassador's table demanded of Mr. Hume, if he was Mr. Home the poet ? "No," said Hume mildly. "*Tant pis*," replied the Marquis. "It is Hume the historian," said another. "*Tant mieux*," said the Marquis. And Mr. Hume, who is a man of excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

Sterne also had the pleasure of being "for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent," though the name of the lady who inspired it has not been recorded.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

PARIS, May 19, 1764.

MY DEAR COSIN,

We have been talking and projecting about setting out from this city of seductions every day this month, so that allowing me three weeks to ruminate upon your Letter, and this Month pasd in Projections, and some other things of the same termination, I account for this sin of omission to you, without pretending

to excuse it—" God, be merciful to me a sinner "—or sometimes, dear Sir, or dear Madame, be merciful, etc. (just as the case happens) is all I have gen<sup>ly</sup> to say for what I do, and what I do not : all which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cosin, thou couldest conceive (perhaps thou can'st without my wishing it) how deliciously I canter'd away with it the first month, two up, two down, always up on my hâches along the streets from my hôtel to hers, at first, once—then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby horse in her stable for good an all. I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon ; the last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting—and thou mayest conceive, dear cosin, how it alter'd my gaite and air—for I went and came like any louden'd carl, and did nothing but mix tears, and *Jouer des sentiments* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same ; and now she is gone to the South of France, and to finish the comedie, I fell ill, & broke a vessel in my lungs and half bled to death. *Voilà mon Histoire !* We are now setting out without let or hindrance and shall be in London ye 29th, *Dijs, Deabusque volentibus*. Tollot sends a thousand kind greetings along with those of our family, to you, he has had a very bad spring of it, from a scoundril relaxation of his nervous system, which had God sent us warmer weather, he would have



recover'd more speedily—his journey w<sup>th</sup> its change of air, will I hope sett him up; why may not we all meet for a fortnight at Scarborough this summer? I wish you would say you would, and I would settle the party, before I leave London: write a line to us at Thornhil's, where I shall be whilst in town. We want sadly to see your preachment—the report from me, made your hero an inch higher—I see him \* every day, and without much, or indeed any precaution; for he visits and is visited by the English of all persuasion—as well by the In's as Out's: you will scarce believe I dined with him and Lord Tavistoc, t'other day, and with Lord Beauchamp, our Ambassador's son and him, etc., three days ago. He is eternally jockundiss<sup>m</sup>; & I think to a greater degree, than in those days when had more occasion. I pity him from my soul: he talks of decamping from hence to sojourn in Italy, as soon as the *take* of his hôtel is expired, w<sup>ch</sup> was for a year; I think Italy is not the place for him—but he has reasons w<sup>ch</sup> I see not. On Thursday morning we set out from foutre-land, tho' we ought not to abuse it—for we have lived (shag-rag and bobtail), all of us, a most jolly nonsensical life of it.—So dear cosin Anthony adieu, in full hopes on my side, that I shall spend many still more joyous deliriums with you over many a pint of Burgundy—so be it.

Y<sup>r</sup> affect<sup>to</sup> Cosin,

L. STERNE.

\* Lawson Trotter, an uncle of John Hall-Stevenson. See Vol. I., p. 97, of this work.

Sterne stayed only a few days in London, and early in June reached Coxwold, where he at once began to write the seventh and eighth volumes of "Tristram Shandy." Engaged with My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman, he remained at Shandy Hall, except for a visit to York during the race-week, until September, when he went for three weeks to Scarborough. It is to be presumed that he discharged some clerical duties, but preaching he had perforce to abandon, as in October he had to confess to the Archbishop in a letter in which he referred to his "long and obstinate coughs, and unaccountable hemorrhages in my lungs, and a thorough relaxation of the organ (or something more) in consequence of them."

I am foretold by the best physicians in France and here, that 'twil be fatal to me to preach; indeed, nature tells me I have no powers, and the last poor experiment I made in preaching at the Ambassador's chapel at Paris (though no larger than yr Grace's dining-room), had liked to have fulfill'd their predictions.\*

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley*

YORK, August 6, 1764.\*

MY DEAR FOLEY,

There is a young lady with whom I have sent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy—her name is Miss Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom—if you can be of any aid to her in your advice,

\* Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne* (ed. 1896), p. 274.



MRS. LAURENCE STERNE.

(See p. 44.)

*From a drawing by Laurence Sterne.*





etc., as to her journey, etc., your good nature and politeness I am sure need no spur from me to do it. I was sorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilst in London, for we were never able to be both resident together the month I continued in and about the environs.—If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly see me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon everything in this world to health and to my friends—for the last sermon that I shall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris—so I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I sent, last post, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted since I got here.—You must pay yourself what I owe you out of it—and place the rest to account.—Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis—but not more (I think)—I having left her a hundred in her pocket.—But you shall always have money beforehand of mine—and she purposes to spend no further than five thousand livres in the year—but twenty pounds this way or that, makes no difference between us.—Give my kindest compliments to Mr. Panchaud. I have a thousand things to say to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear.—The Messrs. Tollot, Hewitt, etc., and many more of your friends with whom I am now, send their services.—Mine to all friends—

Yours, dear Foley, most truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson**September 4, 1764.*

Now, my dear, dear Anthony, I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in his house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair—therefore as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtiness of heart to go see what is doing at Scarborough—stedfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and strengthen my faith.—Now some folk say there is much company there—and some say not—and I believe there is neither the one or the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so.—No, my dear Hall, I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post.—As these are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in — humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you—and as often wish'd you at the d——l.—After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever.—

I send all kind compliments to Sir C. D[anvers] and G——s. I love them from my soul.—If G[ilbert] it is with you, him also. I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my Uncle Toby's amours.—There is no sitting, and cudgel-



ing one's brains whilst the sun shines bright—'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes six tons of alum a week, may do anything—Lord Granby is to be there—what a temptation !

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

COXWOLD, *Thursday* [Sept. 1764].

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I am but this moment returned from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever since the races, and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I suppose you are decamp'd—otherwise as idle a beast as I have been, I would have sacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly set.—I have done nothing good that I know of, since I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither—I must try now and do better.—Go on, and prosper for a month.

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

YORK, September 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just had the honour of a letter from Miss Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind services to her; I will not believe these arose from the D[uke] of A——'s letters, nor mine. *Surely she needed no recommendation*—the truest and most honest compliment I can pay you, is to say they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object—for the rest follow'd in course.—However, let me cast in my mite of thanks to the treasury which belongs to good-natured actions. I have been with Lord Granby these three weeks at Scarborough—the pleasures of which I found somewhat more exalted than those of Bagnères last year.—I am now returned to my Philosophical Hut to finish “*Tristram*,” which I calculate will be ready for the world about Christmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head-quarters at London for the winter—unless my cough pushes me forwards to your Metropolis—or that I can persuade some *gros* my Lord to take a trip to you.—I'll try if I can make him relish the joys of the *Tuileries*, *Opéra Comique*, etc.

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty pounds immediately.—Will you send an order to your correspondent at Montauban to pay her so much cash—and I will in three weeks send as much to Becket.—But as

her purse is low, for God's sake write directly.—Now you must do something equally essential—to rectify a mistake in the mind of your correspondent there, who it seems gave her a hint not long ago, “*that she was separated from me for life.*”—Now as this is not true in the first place, and may give a disadvantageous impression of her to those she lives amongst—'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, suffer by it;—so do be so good as to undeceive him—for in a year or two she proposes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me—and tell them I have all the confidence in the world she will not spend more than I can afford, and I only mentioned two hundred guineas a year—because it was right to name some certain sum, for which I begged you to give her credit.—I write to you of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother; so excuse me, dear Foley. God bless you.—Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, etc.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

YORK, November 11, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sent ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this post one of sixty.—When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what shall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the meantime I have desired Becket to send you four-



score pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, should have occasion for fifty louis let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no squares with a good and worthy friend.—I will contrive to send you these two new volumes of “Tristram,” as soon as ever I get them from the press.—You will read as odd a tour through France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers, since the world began.—’Tis a laughing good-tempered satire against travelling (as *puppies* travel)—Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to your Parisians—*et pour cause* you know—’tis likely I may see them in spring.—Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If so, I would write to Mademoiselle N—— to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could—with a view to do her service here—and I would remit her the price.—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if she executes it with the spirit of the original in your hands—for it will be seen by many—and as my phiz is as remarkable as myself, if she preserves the true character of both, it will do her honour and service too.—Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy.—Will you present my kind respects to the worthy Baron [d’Holbach]—I shall send him one of the best impressions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds’s—another to Monsieur Panchaud. My love to Mr. S[elwi]n and P[anchau]d.

I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

Nov. 13, 1764.

DEAR DEAR COUSIN,

'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches, and counter-marches—and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to inclose otherwise I would have obeyed your summons—and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having received a letter from C——, who has been very ill; and is coming down to stay a week or ten days with me.—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his soul for a sight of you in your own castle.—I cannot do otherwise than bring him with me—nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty house to pay a visit to from London, as he comes half express to see me.—I thank you for the care of my northern vintage—I fear after all I must give it a fermentation on the other side of the Alps, which is better than being on the less with it—but *nous verrons*—yet I fear as it has got such hold of my brain, and comes upon it like an armed man at nights—I must give way for quietness sake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long—I have been *Miss-ridden* this last week by a couple of romping girls (*bien mises et comme il faut*) who might as well have been in the house with me (though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them), but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.—These things accord not well

with sermon-making—but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho says, and that is all that can be made of it.—I trust all goes swimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuse you, and call you twice out (at least) a day—I shall see them I trust in ten days, or thereabouts.—If it was any way possible, I would set out this moment, though I have no cavalry—(*except a she Ass*). Give all friendly respects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H[all]'s, and the garrison, both of Guisbro and Skelton.—I am, dear Anthony,

Affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*

YORK, November 16, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Three posts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to set Mrs. Sterne right in her mistake.—That you had any money of mine in your hands—being very sensible that the hundred pounds I had sent you, through Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you—The reason of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would send you a bill in a post or two for fifty pounds—which, my finances falling short just then, I deferred—so that I had paid nothing to any one—but was, however, come to York this day, and I have sent you a draught for a hundred pounds—in honest truth, a fortnight ago I had not the cash—but I am as honest as the king (as Sancho Pança says), *only not so rich*.



Therefore, if Mrs. Sterne should want thirty louis more, let her have them—and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Christmas, when I shall be in London, having now just finished my two volumes of “Tristram.”—I have some thoughts of going to Italy this year—at least I shall not defer it above another.—I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now sat down till December in my sweet retirement.—I wish you was sat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares—In a few years, my dear F[oley], I hope to see you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London—there I shall spend every winter of my life, in the same lap of contentment, where I enjoy myself now—and wherever I go—we must bring three parts in four of the treat along with us.—In short, we must be happy within—and then few things without us make much difference.—This is my Shandean philosophy.—You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, through Paris, to the Garonne, in these volumes—my friends tell me they are done with spirit—it must speak for itself.—Give my kind respects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud.—When you see Baron D’Holbach, present him my respects, and believe me, dear Foley,

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

The fourth instalment of “Tristram Shandy” was finished in December, and Sterne brought the manuscript to London. It was published

on January 26 ; but the author, who had only come to town to see his work through the press, could not tear himself away from his beloved metropolis. He remained, visiting, dining, gathering in subscriptions for the new collection of Sermons, until, the rigour of the winter having again affected his lungs, he went in March for a few weeks to recuperate at Bath.

*Laurence Sterne to David Garrick \**

LONDON, *March 16, 1765.*

DEAR 'GARRICK,

I threatened you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my shame be it spoken) I lead such a life of dissipation I have never had a moment to myself which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another—and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find unless I take pen and ink just now, I shall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you in the city. You are teased and tormented too much by your correspondents, to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you—so that I will not magnify either our loss or yours—but hope cordially to see you soon.—Since I wrote last I have frequently stepped into your house—that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I dined, along with me.—This was but justice to you, as I walked in

\* Garrick and his wife were at this time at Paris. They arrived in London on April 27.

as a wit—but with regard to myself, I balanced the account thus—I am sometimes in my friend [Garrick's] house, but he is always in Tristram Shandy's—where my friends say he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality), even when he himself is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here—"Shandy" sells well—I am taxing the public with two more volumes of Sermons, which will more than double the gains of "Shandy." It goes into the world with a prancing list *de toute la noblesse*—which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy—so that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penser* has ever impressed on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: but I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash—I set out to lay a portion of it out in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice.—In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and so saunter philosophically for a year or so, on the other side the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourself back *à la fleur de jeunesse*.—May you both long feel the sweets of it, and your friends with you.—Do, dear friend, make my kindest wishes and compliments acceptable to the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve.—You shall ever believe, and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. L. STERNE.



*Laurence Sterne to David Garrick*

BATH, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend! foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recal it—but failed.—You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I re-criminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jackass, etc. etc.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way*—I say *your way*—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic irresistible power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever.—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is

enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised ! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Power ! good Heaven !—give me some one with less smoke and more fire.—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking.—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu !—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about —) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley*

BATH, April 15, 1765.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

My wife tells me she has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you should be paid it that minute—the money is now in Becket's hands—send me, my dear Foley, my account that I may discharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands.

—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the *literati*—my two volumes of “Tristram,” and two of sermons, which I shall print very soon, will bring me a considerable sum.—Almost all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and ’tis thought it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book, since subscriptions came into fashion.—Pray present my most sincere compliments to Lady H——, whose name I hope to insert with many others.—As so many men of genius favour me with their names also, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume, and call him Deist, and what not, unless I have his name too.—My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours—your list of subscribers you will send—’tis but a crown for sixteen sermons.—Dog cheap ! but I am in quest of honour, not money.—Adieu, adieu,—believe me, dear Foley,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

At Bath Sterne made many acquaintances, and he added to the circle of his women friends.

### *Laurence Sterne to a Friend*

[BATH, April 1765.]

There is the charming widow Moor, where, if I had not a piece of legal meadow of my own, I should rejoice to batten the rest of my days ; and the gentle, elegant Gore, with her fine form and Grecian face, and whose lot I trust it will



be to make some man happy, who knows the value of a tender heart : Nor shall I forget another widow, the interesting Mrs. Vesey, with her vocal and fifty other accomplishments.

Of Mrs. Moor and Mrs. Gore nothing is known, but Mrs. Vesey was that Elizabeth Vesey, known as "The Sylph," of the "blue-stocking," coterie, the friend of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, and the wife of Agmondesham Vesey, a member of the Irish Parliament, and subsequently, on coming to live in England, elected to "The Club." Sterne found Mrs. Vesey inclined to philander, and, according to his custom, he did not let the opportunity pass unheeded.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Vesey*

Of the two cassocs, fair lady, which I am worth in the world, I would this moment freely give the better of them to find out by what irresistible force of magic it is, that I am influenced to write a letter to you upon so short an acquaintance.—Short did I say?—I unsay it again—I have been acquainted with Mrs. V[esey] this long and many a day : for, surely, the most penetrating of her sex need not be told, that intercourses of this kind are not to be dated by hours, days, or months—but by the slow or rapid progress of our intimacies, which are measured only by the degrees of penetration by which we discover characters at once—or by the openness and frankness of heart which lets the observer into it without the pains of reflection :

either of these spares us what a short life could ill afford—and that is the long and unconscionable time in forming connections, which had much better be spent in tasting the sweets of them.—Now of this frame and contexture is the fair Mrs. V[esey]; her character is to be read at once—I saw it before I walked twenty paces beside her—I believe, in my conscience, dear lady, if truth was known, *that you have no inside at all.*

That you are graceful, elegant, and desirable, etc. etc.—every common beholder who can stare at you, as a Dutch boor does to the Queen of Sheba,—can easily find out—but that you are sensible, gentle and tender, and from one end to the other of you full of the sweetest tones and modulations, require a deeper research.—You are a system of harmonic vibrations—the softest and best attuned of all instruments.—Lord! I would give away my other cassoc to touch you.—But in giving my last ray of priesthood for that pleasure, I should be left naked—to say nothing of being quite *disordered*—so divine a hand as your's would presently put me into *orders* again—but if you suppose this would leave me as you found me, believe me, dear Mrs. V[esey], that you are much mistaken.—All this busy duty put together, pray, dear lady, let me ask you. What business have you to return back again?—The deuce take you with your musical and other powers; could nothing serve you, but you must turn Tristram Shandy's head, as if it was not turned enough already—as for your turning my heart—I forgive you, as you



JOHN WILKES.

(See p. 47.)

*From an engraving by J. Stephenson after a portrait by Prine.*





have been so good as to turn it towards so excellent and heavenly an object.\*

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Vesey*

[LONDON], *Monday Morning* [April (?), 1765].

When all the crowd, my fair lady, was hurried into the gardens, to hear the musick of squibs and crackers—and see the air illuminated by rockets, and balloons,—I was flattered, exquisitely flattered, to find you contented to saunter lackadaisically with me, round an exhausted Ranelagh, and give me your gentle, amiable, elegant sentiments, in a tone of voice, that was originally intended for a Cherub. How you got it I know not—nor is it my business to enquire ; I am ever rejoiced to find, any emanation of the other world, in any corner of this, be it where it may ;—but particularly when it proceeds through any female organ,—where the effect must be more powerful, because it is always most delicious.

Now, after this little emanation of my spirit, which may not be quite so celestial as it ought, I trust you will not think me ungracious, in desiring you to excuse my promised duties, at your drawing-room this evening. The truth is—my cough has seized me so violently by the throat, that, though I could hear you sing, I should not be able, to tell you the effects, of your music, upon my heart. Indeed—I can

\* This is one of *Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions* (1775), regarded as spurious until Professor Cross traced the original. It is now in the collection of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

scarce produce a whisper, loud enough, to make the servant bring my gruel.

I have now been so long acquainted with this crazy frame of mine, that I know all its tricks,—and, I foresee, that I have a week's indulgence, at least, to bestow upon it. However, on Sunday next, I trust,—I may be-cassock myself, in my cloak, and be chained to your warm cabinet, where I hope to possess voice enough to assure you, of the sincere esteem, and admiration, I feel for you,—whether I can tell you so, or no. Colds, and coughs, and catarrhs, may tie up the tongue, but the heart is above the little inconveniences of its prison-house, and will one day escape from them all.

Till that period, I shall beg leave to remain, with great truth,

Your most faithful,

And obedient, humble servant,

L. STERNE.

Nor did the acquaintance drop when the lady went to Ireland and Sterne to Coxwold, and it is at least highly probable that the following letter was addressed to her.

*Laurence Sterne to [Mrs. Vesey]*

YORK, [July 1765].

I did not answer your letter as you desired me, for at the moment I received it, I really thought all my projects, for some time to come, were *burned* to a *cinder*, or, which is the better expression, had evaporated in smoke; for, not



half an hour before, an affrighted messenger, on a breathless horse, had arrived to acquaint me, that the parsonage house at Sutton was on fire when he came away, and burning like a bundle of faggots ; and while I was preparing to set off to see my house, your letter arrived to console me on the way ; for it gave me every assurance, that if I were left without a hole to put my head into, or a rag to cover my —— body, you would give me a comfortable room in your house, and a clean shirt into the bargain.

In short, by the carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or some one within his gates, I am an house out of pocket—I say, literally, out of pocket : for I must rebuild it at my own cost and charges, or the Church of York, which originally gave it to me, will do those things, which, in good sense, ought not to be done ; but which the wise-acres who compose it will tell me they have a right to do. My loss will be upwards of two hundred pounds, with some books, etc. etc., so that you may now lay aside all your apprehensions about what I shall do with the wealth that my sermons have brought, and are to bring me.

The matter, however, that concerns me most in the business, is the strange unaccountable conduct of my poor unfortunate curate, not in *setting fire* to the house, for I do not accuse him of it, God knows, nor any one else ; but in *setting off* the moment after it happened, and flying, like Paul to Tarsus, through fear of a prosecution from me.

That the man should have formed such an

idea of me, as to suppose me capable, if I did not soothe his sorrows, of adding another to their number, wounded me sorely. For amidst all my errors and follies, I do not believe there is anything, in the colour or complexion of any part of my life, that would justify the shadow of such an apprehension. Besides he has deprived me of all the comfort I made out to myself from the misfortune; which was, as it pleased Heaven to deprive me of one house, to take him and his wife, and little one, into another—I mean into that where I lived myself. And he who now reads my heart, and will one day judge me for the secrets of it—he will know that it did not grow cold within me, on account of the accident, till I was informed that this silly man was a fugitive, from the fear of my wrath.\*

In the published correspondence there is a

\* Sterne was in no hurry to fulfil his obligation to rebuild the vicarage, and, indeed, at the time of his death nothing had been done in the matter, as is shown by the following extract from the *Register Book of the Parish of Sutton, Yorkshire* :

“In the year 1764, during the Incumbency of Mr. Lawrence Sterne, the Vicarage House was burnt down. Tho’ frequently admonished and required to rebuild the Vicarage House, he found means to evade the performance of it. He continued Vicar till he died in March 1768. Andrew Cheap was appointed his successor, and was advised to accept a composition for Dilapidations from the Widow. A Suit was instituted for Dilapidations, but after a time (the Widow being in indigent circumstances) sixty pounds were accepted.

“In April, 1770, the New House was begun, and finished in May, 1771.

“Total amount of Suit and Building the House, 576*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*

“ANDREW CHEAP, Vicar.”

letter (not reprinted since the original issue in 1775), written in the late autumn of 1767 to a friend whose name has been (after the manner of the times) suppressed by the editor, from which it transpires that Mrs. Vesey had invited Sterne to visit her and her husband in Ireland—of which invitation he was unable, owing to the state of his health, to take advantage.\*

It was when Sterne was in London, after his visit to Bath and before his return to Coxwold, that he made the acquaintance of that “Lady P.” of the correspondence, who almost with certainty can be identified with Lady Percy, the first wife of Hugh, Baron Percy (afterwards second Duke of Northumberland).† The only letter that Sterne wrote to Lady Percy (that has been preserved) has become especially notorious because Thackeray, assuming that the editor of the collection of letters was correct in assigning it to the year 1767, has deduced from this that Sterne was paying court to Lady Percy at the time he was pouring out his passionate protests of love to Eliza Draper. Thackeray found that the only benefits on a Tuesday, in 1767, were on April 21. “Did he note this little fact in his journal to his dear Eliza in India?” the novelist asks, and, turning to the journal which had been lent him, is able to reply to his inquiry: “Not

\* See Vol. II., p. 186, of this work.

† Lady Percy, *née* Lady Anne Stuart, daughter of Lord Bute. Her husband divorced her in 1779.



one word did the true fellow whisper about the circumstances." \* This is quite true. There is in the Journal for April 21, 1767, no mention of Lady Percy, and no mention of Sterne going to a theatre—therefore, says Thackeray, Sterne was a fraud, and his love for Eliza a sham. But if Thackeray had read the entry for April 21 more carefully, he would have seen that Sterne was much too ill to go out, that on that very day twelve ounces of blood were taken from him, and that at eight o'clock in the evening Mrs. James's maid called to inquire how he was. Even on the next day he rose with the utmost difficulty and was ordered back to bed by his physician. If he was at home at eight o'clock on April 21, when he would have been either at the theatre or at Lady Percy's, and he was still too ill to sit up, much less go out, on the next day, it might have occurred to Thackeray that there was something wrong in his conclusions. What was wrong was the date assigned to the letter by the editor; it was not written on Tuesday, April 21, 1767, but (as Professor Cross's investigations have proved conclusively) on Tuesday April 23, 1765, on which day Miss Wright had a benefit at Drury Lane and Miss Wilford at Covent Garden.

\* "A Roundabout Journey" (*Cornhill Magazine*, November 1860).

*Laurence Sterne to Lady Percy*

MOUNT COFFEE-HOUSE, [LONDON],  
Tuesday, 3 o'clock [April 23, 1765].

There is a strange mechanical effect produced in writing a *billet-doux* within a stone-cast of the lady who engrosses the heart and soul of an innamorato—for this cause (but mostly because I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Tristram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-house the nearest I could find to my dear Lady Percy's house, and have called for a sheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed.—Now for it.—

O my dear lady, what a dishclout of a soul hast thou made of me!—I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction for so unfamiliar a situation as I stand in with you—where heaven knows, I am kept at a distance—and despair of getting one inch nearer you, with all the steps and windings I can think of to recommend myself to you.—Would not any man in his senses run diametrically from you—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus causelessly, foolishly, and fool-hardily expose himself afresh—and afresh, where his heart and his reason tells him he shall be sure to come off loser, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to see me?—Does it give you pleasure to make me more unhappy—or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakest, the most ductile,

the most tender fool, that ever woman tried the weakness of—and the most unsettled in my purposes and resolutions of recovering my right mind.—It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and swore that I never would come near you—and after saying my Lord's Prayer for the sake of the close, *of not being led into temptation*—out I sallied like any Christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet—and now am I got so near you—within this vile stone's cast of your house—I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards, and though I had purchased a box ticket to carry me to Miss ——'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed at me, to let me know Lady Percy would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see every thing verified I have told her. I dine at Mr. C[owper]'s in Wigmore-street, in this neighbourhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you purpose to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I shall conclude you are better disposed of—and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jog on to the play—Curse on the word. I know nothing but sorrow—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but)

Most sincerely.

L. STERNE.



## CHAPTER XVI

### “ A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY ”

1765-1766

Sterne returns to Coxwold—Prepares Vols. III. and IV. of his “Sermons”—Letters—Leaves England—Calais—Dessein’s—“A Sentimental Journey”—“The learned Smelfungus”—Montreuil—La Fleur—Nampont—The dead ass—Amiens—Paris—Wilkes—Foote, Craufurd, Horace Walpole—The *fille de chambre* of “A Sentimental Journey”—Sterne’s moods—Lyons—The prototype of Maria at Moulines—Point Beauvoisin—Sterne’s generosity—Lyons—Horne Tooke—Turin—Goes with Sir James Macdonald to Florence—Letters from Naples to his daughter, Hall-Stevenson, and others—Pays an unexpected visit to his wife and daughter—Letters.

WHEN Sterne, somewhat better in health, returned to Coxwold, he applied himself diligently to the preparation of the third and fourth volumes of his Sermons, that were to be published by Becket and De Hondt.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. W[oodhouse]*

COXWOLD, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my Uncle Toby’s amours with the Widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it *pleaseth me*—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself? I am glad that you

are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonises the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—"l'amour" (say they) "*n'est rien sans sentiment.*"—Now notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annex'd to it.—And so much for that same subject called love.—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter.—Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*.—My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds"—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is—a flat refusal.—I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my

curate's wife—as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have I can never call it my own.—Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Yours sincerely,  
L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to William Combe*

COXWOLD, June 11, 1765.

I am here as idle as ease of heart can make me; I shall wait for you till the beginning of next month; when if you do not come I shall proceed to while away the rest of the summer at Crazy Castle and Scarborough. In the beginning, the very beginning of October, I mean to arrive in Bond-street with my sermons; and when I have arranged their publication, then hey go mad for Italy. . . .

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Hesselridge*

YORK, July 5, 1765.

. . . Have you seen my 7 and 8 graceless children [Vols. 7 and 8 of “Tristram Shandy”]—but I am doing penance for them, in begetting a couple of more ecclesiastical ones—which are to stand penance (again) in their turns—in sheets abt. the middle of Sept<sup>r</sup>.—they will appear in the shape of the 3rd and 4th vols of Yorick. These you must know are to keep up a kind of balance,



in my shamed character, and are push'd into the world for that reason by my friends with as splendid and numerous a List of Nobility, etc.—as ever pranced before a book, since subscription came into fashion. . . . In September, I set out *solus* for Italy, and shall winter at Rome and Naples : L'Hyvère à Londres ne vaut pas rien pour les poumons—à cause d'humidité et la fumée dont l'air est chargé. . . .\*

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley*

YORK, July 13, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote some time in spring to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was set out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him—which possibly he gave you. In the hurry of your business you might forget the contents of it ; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to see you. I decamp for Italy in September, and shall see your face at Paris, you may be sure—but I shall see it with more pleasure when I am out of debt—which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpose. Do send Mrs. Sterne her last two volumes of “Tristram” ; they arrived with yours in Spring, and she complains she has not got them.—My best services to Mr. Panchaud.—I am busy composing two volumes of sermons—they will be printed in September,

\* From an unpublished letter in the possession of Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., by whose courtesy this extract is printed.

though I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongst the list of a few of my honorary subscribers—who subscribe for love.—If you see Baron D’Holbach, and Diderot, present my respects to them.—If the Baron wants any English books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me.—Adieu.

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

In spite of Sterne’s intention to go abroad in September, he was still in England in the first week in October, although he had begun his journey, and had come to London, bringing with him the manuscript of his Sermons.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley*

LONDON, October 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

It is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig on a man’s head ! In seven days from the date of this, I should be in that case, unless you tell your neighbour Madame Requièrè to get her *bon mari de me faire un peruque à bourse, au mieux—c’est à dire—une la plus extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille—et la plus—*

—*Mais qu’importe ? j’ai l’honneur d’être grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires des peruques—*and in one word that he gets it done in five days after notice.

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend,

and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next post.—If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind love to him, and respects to all others—in sad haste—

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands six hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at sight according as either Mrs. Sterne or myself make it expedient.

Within a day or two of writing to Foley Sterne set out for Calais, where he stayed, not at the Lyon d'Argent, where Mrs. Sterne and Lydia had put up, but at the New Hôtel d'Angleterre, owned by one Dessein. This hostelry Sterne made famous for all time by introducing it in "A Sentimental Journey," and making it the scene of some of the adventures narrated in that book. Dessein was not ungrateful for the honour, which brought him wealth as well as fame. "Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von vary great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity," he said years after in answer to Frederic Reynolds's question as to whether he remembered Sterne. "He gained moche money by his 'Journal de Sentiment'—*mais moi*—I make more through de means of dat, than he, by all his *ouvrages réunies*—Ha! Ha!" Then, says Reynolds, as if in imitation of Sterne, Dessein laid his forefinger on my



breast, and said in a voice lowered almost to a whisper, “ *Qu’en pensez-vous ?* ” \*

At Calais began Sterne’s “ Sentimental Journey.” The book itself is a curious medley of fact and fiction, and, even when an incident is true, it by no means follows that it happened to Sterne—for example, the hero of “ The Case of Delicacy ” was not the author but his friend James (better known as “ Fish ”) Craufurd. Sterne abroad, it is a fair assumption to make, wandered about the streets of the town he happened to be in, not so much in search of adventures as in the quest for emotions. As readers of “ A Sentimental Journey ” are aware, he did not wander in vain.

By stopping and talking to every soul I met, who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads—arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not passing by a woman in a mulberry tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff—in short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey, I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety, too; and as my mule loved society as well as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast

\* *Life and Times of Frederic Reynolds*, I, 179–81.

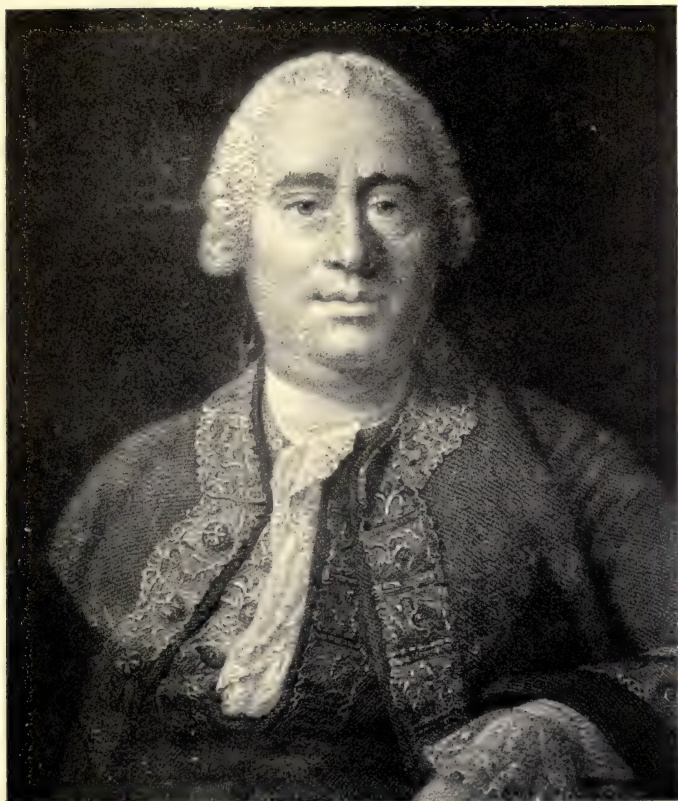
he met—I am confident we could have passed through Pall-Mall or St. James's Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature.\*

Sterne, who faced the ills of life bravely, had scant respect for those who could see only the discomforts to which all mortals are subjected : which accounts for his famous attack on Smollett.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry “ ’Tis all barren ”—and so it is ; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. . . . The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and the jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted.—He wrote an account of them, but ’twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the pantheon—he was just coming out of it—“ *’Tis nothing but a huge cockpit,*” said he.—“ I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis,” replied I—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

\* *Tristram Shandy*, Vol. VII. ch. xliii.



DAVID HUME.

(See p. 47.)

*From an engraving after a portrait by Ramsay.*





I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, “wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi”—he had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew; at every stage he had come at—

“I'll tell it,” cried Smelfungus “to the world.”  
 “You had better tell it,” said I, “to your physician.”\*

From Calais Sterne proceeded to Montreuil. Having on the journey twice to get out in the rain and mud to help the postillion tie on his portmanteau to the chaise, he eagerly accepted the suggestion that he required a body-servant. Varenne, the landlord of the hotel at Montreuil, recommended one La Fleur, whose name has since become a household word. La Fleur was a Burgundian, and as a child of eight was seized with an irresistible passion to run away from home and see the world. He wandered through the country for two years and then enlisted as a drummer-boy in the French Army; but, after six years of service, the vagrant blood in him rebelling against discipline, he deserted, and made his way to Montreuil. He did odd jobs for Varenne, until that good-

\* *A Sentimental Journey*—“Calais.” Smollett's defence may be left in the capable hands of his able advocate, Mr. Thomas Secombe (see his Introduction to the 1907 edition of the *Travels through France and Italy*).

natured man introduced him to Sterne.\* Sterne engaged him, only to discover that, though the most willing person imaginable, he “could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife.”

*En route* for Paris, Sterne and La Fleur travelled through Nampont, where they saw the dead ass of “A Sentimental Journey,” which was no invention, for the *valet* recollected the circumstance perfectly after a lapse of many years, and declared the mourner was as simple and affecting as his master has related. From Nampont they went to Amiens, where Sterne encountered the Marquise Lamberti; and from Amiens to Paris, where they put up at the Hôtel Moderne, No. 14, Rue Jacob, in the Faubourg St. Germain. His Paris friends welcomed him, and he had the good fortune to find there Wilkes, and Foote, and Craufurd. And Horace Walpole, too, was in the city, and met Sterne for the first time, probably rather against his will. “You will think it odd that I should want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here,” he wrote to Thomas Brand, October 19, 1765; “but the first does not make me laugh, the second never could, and for the third, I choose to pay five shillings when I have a mind he should divert me.” †

\* These and other details of La Fleur's life are taken from the *Olio* of William Davis (1814).

† Horace Walpole: *Letters* (ed. Toynbee), Vol. VI. p. 333.



The greater part of "A Sentimental Journey" is given under the heading of "Paris," and there is La Fleur's authority for the statement that some at least of the incidents had their basis in fact. The *grisette* at the glove-shop was a real person, and, although this is not mentioned in the book, she afterwards visited Sterne at his lodgings. The *fille de chambre* also was no invention, and her visit to his lodgings was also a fact. "It was certainly a pity she was so pretty and *petite*," said La Fleur to William Davis of the *fille de chambre*. Most interesting is La Fleur's account of Sterne's temperament. "There were moments," he said, "in which my master appeared sunk in the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and, I could see, was happy to be relieved. At others he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *à mon pays*, and cried gaily enough, '*Vive la bagatelle!*'"

At the end of October Sterne left Paris with La Fleur, the latter now habited in a "bright, clean, good scarlet coat and a pair of breeches of the same." They went to Lyons, where John Horne Tooke was staying, and then to Point Beauvoisin (which Sterne called Beau Point Voisin), via Moulines, where he met the proto-

type of Maria. "When we came up to her," La Fleur has related, "she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman." While Sterne was at Moulines he sent La Fleur every day with food and drink from the hotel to the cottage, and, before he left, placed money in the hands of her mother. "How much I know not," said La Fleur; "he always gave more than he could afford." There was more than sentiment in Sterne: behind it was the kind heart that could not pass distress without endeavouring to alleviate it. His frequent money troubles abroad arose not so much from the fact that, owing to the war, his remittances were often delayed, as from his miscalculations as to the amount he would require: he reckoned only his expenses, forgetting to add a not inconsiderable margin for his charities.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

BEAU POINT VOISIN, November 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I forgot to desire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me against I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may stay at Turin, etc. etc. At present I am held prisoner in this town by the sudden swelling of two pitiful rivulets from the snow melting on the Alps—so that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myself, shall languish in this state of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth surely know, for it rains as if they were coming together to settle the matter.—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and supping every day at the commandant's.—Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen English.—If you see Lord Ossory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crauford, remember me to them—if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I send him all kind wishes—present my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miss P——, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

At Lyons Sterne met John Horne Tooke, with whom he foregathered for a week, and liked well enough to arrange to meet him again at Sienna in the summer. "Forgive my question, and do not answer it, if it is impertinent,"



Horne Tooke wrote to Wilkes, from Montpellier, January 3, 1766. "Is there any cause of coldness between you and Sterne? He speaks very handsomely of you, when it is absolutely necessary to speak at all; but not with that *warmth and enthusiasm* that I expect from every one that knows you. Do not let me cause a coldness between you, if there is none. I am sensible my question is at least imprudent, and my jealousy blameable." \*

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud*

TURIN, November 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

After many difficulties I have got here safe and sound—tho' eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy.—I am stopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains—but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houses already.—To-morrow I am to be presented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I shall have my hands full of engagements.—No English here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much respect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and shall depart in peace together.—My kind services to all—pray forward the inclosed.

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

\* Stephens: *The Memoirs of John Horne Tooke*, II. 77.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud*

TURIN, November 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I am just leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, etc.—We have spent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours—and with regret do we both bid adieu—but health on my side—and good sense on his—say 'tis better to be at Rome—you say at Paris—but you put variety out of the question.—I intreat you to forward the inclosed to Mrs. Sterne.—My compliments to all friends, more particularly to those I most value (that includes Mr. Foley if he is in Paris).

I am yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud*

FLORENCE, December 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I have been a month passing the plains of Lombardie, stopping on my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, Bologna, with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England. I have been three days in crossing a part of the Apenines, cover'd with thick snow—sad transition! I stay here three days to dine with our plenipo., Lord Tichfield\* and Cowper† and in five days shall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon. I stay

\* Tichfield is the second title of the Duke of Portland.

† George Nassau, third Earl Cowper.

but fourteen days to pay these civilities, and then decamp for Naples. Send the inclosed to my wife and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Lydia Sterne*

NAPLES, February 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GIRL,

Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry.—Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire, and le Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather—therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to—but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct me to Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I shall ever honour her.—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the Marquis de —— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother.—I desire you will get your mother



to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours.—If fate reserves me not that—the humane and good, part for thy father’s sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother’s health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London.—If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from

Your fond father,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

NAPLES, February 5, 1766.

MY DEAR HALL,

’Tis an age since I have heard from you—but as I read the *London Chronicle*, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wish it, that you have got over this much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and spirits; and here I am as happy as a king after all, growing fat, sleek, and well liking—not improving in stature but in breadth.—We have a jolly carnival of it—nothing but operas—punchinellos—festinos and masquerades—We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is to be

superb.—The English dine with her (exclusive) ; and so much for small chat—except that I saw a little comedy acted last week with more expression and spirit, and true character, than I shall see one hastily again.—I stay here till the holy week, which I shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a month.—My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence—and then by Leghorn to Marseilles directly home—but am diverted from this by the repeated proposals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England—'tis with Mr. E. I have known him these three years, and have been with him ever since I reach'd Rome ; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine—at least I am persuaded we shall return home together, as we set out, with friendship and good-will.—Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does—to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambassador (Lord Stormont at Vienna). I have not the honour to be known to his Lordship, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing, that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do inclose it in your next letter to me at Belloni.—You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and

all over Italy, which exceeded anything known till within these three weeks, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it.—Give my kind services to my friends—especially to the household of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy Colonel—to Cardinal S[croope], to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel—dear cousin Antony, receive my kindest love and wishes.

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P.S. Upon second thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W., banker, at Venice.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley*

NAPLES, *February 8, 1766.*

DEAR SIR,

I desire Mrs. Sterne may have what cash she wants—if she has not received it before now : she sends me word she has been in want of cash these three weeks—be so kind as to prevent this uneasiness to her—which is doubly so to me.—I have made very little use of your letter of credit, having since I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, as much at Rome—and a few ducats here—and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, etc., with a gentleman of fortune, I shall draw for little more till my return—so you will have always enough to spare for my wife.—The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with.

There are a good many English here, very few



in Rome, or other parts of Italy.—The air of Naples agrees very well with me—I shall return fat—my friendship to all who honour me with theirs.—Adieu, my dear friend—I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud*

NAPLES, *February 14, 1766.*

DEAR SIR,

I wrote last week to you, to desire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money she wanted—it may happen, as that letter went inclosed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this first—I have made little use of your letters of credit, as you will see by that letter, nor shall I want much (if any) till you see me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman—however, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, etc. to the Spaw, I should be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon some one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis—but I am persuaded I shall not want half of them—however, in case of sickness or accidents, one would not go so long a route without money in one's pocket.—The bankers here are not so conscientious as my friend P.; they would make me pay twelve per cent., if I was to get a letter here.—I beg your letters, etc., may be inclosed to Mr. Watson at Venice—where we shall be in the Ascension.—I have received much benefit from the air of Naples—but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week.—There are about five-and-twenty English here—but most of them will be

decamp'd in two months—there are scarce a third of the number at Rome.—I suppose therefore that Paris is full—my warmest wishes attend you—with my love to Mr. F. and compliments to all.—I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the house with me, and is just recovering a long and most cruel fit of the rheumatism.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

May 25, near DIJON [1766].

DEAR ANTONY,

My desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Countess of M——, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies—her ladyship has the best of hearts—a valuable present not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—so I hope to sup with you the king's birthday, according to a plan of sixteen days standing.—Never man has been such a wildgoose chase after a wife as I have been—after having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Compté*—Poor woman! she was very cordial, etc., and begs to stay another year or so—my Lydia

pleases me much—I found her greatly improved in everything I wished her—I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably nonsensical—'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days, that I must take up again the pen.—In faith, I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account. This is a delicious part of the world; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here.—Surely you will not have decamped to Crazy Castle before I reach town.—The summer here is set in in good earnest—'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire—I hope to hear a good tale of your alum-works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you—and all your undertakings. I am, dear cousin,

Most affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G[arland], Cardinal S[croope], the Col. [Hall], etc. etc. etc.



## CHAPTER XVII

### COXWOLD AND LONDON

1766-1767

Sterne at Coxwold—He writes the ninth and last volume of “Tristram Shandy”—Concerning Mrs. Sterne’s requirements, and her illness—Letters from and to Ignatius Sancho—Letters to Hall-Stevenson and Woodhouse—His ill-health—His plans for the next year—Arrives in London—Letters to Lord Fauconberg and Panchaud—The subscription for “A Sentimental Journey”—Mrs. Draper mentioned in Sterne’s letter to his daughter.

IN June Sterne was at Coxwold, having set himself the task to wind up “Tristram Shandy” in one, the ninth, volume.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

YORK, June 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I wrote last week to Mr. Becket to discharge the balance due to you—and I have received a letter from him, telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and sixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order—so send the draughts when you please.—Mrs. Sterne writes me word, she wants fifty pounds—which I desire you will let her have.—I will take care to remit it to your correspondent—I have such an entire confidence in my wife, that she

spends as little as she can, though she is confined to no particular sum—her expences will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unless by ill health, or a journey—and I am very willing she should have it—and you may rely, in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand shall be punctually paid—and with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to stand security.—’Tis impossible to tell you how sorry I was that my affairs hurried me so quick through Paris, as to deprive me of seeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleasure I proposed in being made known to his better half—but I have a probability of seeing him this winter.—Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me,

Most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalon, but your letter will find her, I believe, at Avignon.—She is very poorly—and my daughter writes to me, with sad grief of heart, that she is worse.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. S.*

Coxwold, July 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

One might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us—we make appointments to meet, and for these two years have not seen each other’s face but twice—we must try, and do better for the future.—Having sought you with more zeal, than C—— sought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me



"TRISTRAM SHANDY."

(See p. 80.)

*An illustration by M. A. Rooker, from an early edition.*





purchase for you at Paris—I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York—but as I shall neither charge you the books nor the carriage—’tis not worth talking about.—Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick—and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume \* of “Tristram”—I shall publish but one this year, and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finished, I shall continue “Tristram” with fresh spirit. What a difference of scene here? But, with a disposition to be happy, ’tis neither this place, nor t’other, that renders us the reverse.—In short, each man’s happiness depends upon himself—he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me some account of your pleasures—you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will shew, or give you (if needful), a practical dose of my philosophy; but I hope you do not want it—if you did—’twould be the office of a friend to give it.—Will not even our races tempt you? You see I use all arguments.—Believe me yours most truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

*Ignatius Sancho to Laurence Sterne †*

[1766.]

REVEREND SIR,

It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the

\* Alluding to the first edition.

† Ignatius Sancho (1729–1780), a negro writer, who lived in England. In early life he served as butler to the second Duchess

liberty I am taking—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, thro' God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books,—Philanthropy I adore.—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point.—In your tenth discourse, is this very affecting passage—“Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it.”—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to

of Montagu and subsequently to the fourth Duke of Manchester: in later life he established himself as a grocer in Westminster.



give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—gracious God ! what a feast to a benevolent heart ! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent : figure to yourself their attitudes ; hear their supplicating addresses !—alas ! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir, etc.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

*Laurence Sterne to Ignatius Sancho*

COXWOLD, July 27, 1766.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world : for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why *her brethren* ? or yours, Sancho ! any more than mine ? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa :—at which tint

of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease ? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them ? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so—For my own part, I never look *westward* (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter ; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are and have been so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery : and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu ! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*COXWOLD, *September 21, 1766.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If Mrs. Sterne should draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be so kind as to remit her the money—and pray be so good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing), but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin.—A young nobleman is now negotiating a jaunt with me for six weeks, about Christmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain—I should like much to be with you for so long—and if my wife should grow worse (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's last), I cannot think of her being without me—and however expensive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to administer consolation to both her and my poor girl.—Wherever I am, believe me, dear Sir,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley : though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents—with my friendliest wishes to Miss P.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris*COXWOLD, *October 25, 1766.*

MY DEAR FOLEY,

I desired you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty louis, a month ago—



I dare say you have done it—but her illness must have cost her a good deal—therefore having paid the last fifty pounds to Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more—for which I send a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this post—but surely had I not done so, you would not stick at it—for be assured, my dear Foley, that the First Lord of the Treasury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half so punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books.—My daughter says her mother is very ill—and I fear going fast down by all accounts.—'Tis melancholy in her situation to want any aid that is in my power to give—do write to her—and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud*

YORK, November 25, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I just received yours,—and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you—Thus far all goes well—I have received a letter from my daughter with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger—and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds); but the description of the Château my wife has hired is really pretty—on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse—with seven rooms of a floor, half furnished with

tapestry, half with blue taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game ; so many partridges a week, etc. ; and the price—guess ! sixteen guineas a year—there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month, my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas—and pray be so good, my dear Sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed—she is going to spend the Carnival at Marseilles at Christmas—I shall be in London by Christmas week, and then shall balance this remittance to Mrs. S. with Mr. S——. I am going to lie-in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town—I hope you wish me a safe delivery—I fear my friend Mr. F. will have left town before I get there.—Adieu, dear Sir—I wish you everything in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron D'Holbach—Miss P., etc. etc.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

COXWOLD, December 17, 1766.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I consider thee as a bank note in a corner drawer of my bureau—I know it is there (I wish I did)—and its value, tho' I seldom take a peep at it—if a comparison will excuse my idleness and neglects of all kinds to thee so be it—though I must take further shame, and own

I had not wrote now, but that I profited by the *transit* of a Craselite, by my door, of whom I have learn'd all welcome accounts of thee—that thou farest well—and art good liking—for my own part I have had my menses three this month, which is twice too often—and am not altogether according to my feelings, by being so much, which I cannot avoid, at Lord Fauconberg's who oppresses me to death with civility.—So "Tristram" goes on busily—what I can find appetite to write, is so so.—You never read such a chapter of evils from me.—I'm tormented to death and the devil, by my Stillington Inclosure—and am every how threatened with a journey to Avignon, where Mrs. Sterne is very bad—and, by a series of Letters I've got from Lydia, I suppose is going the way of us all.

I want to know from yourself how you do—and you go on.—I mean allum \*)—full gladly would I see you—but whilst I'm tied neck and heels as I am—'tis impracticable.—Remember me sometimes in your potations—bid Panty pray for me, when he prays for the Holy Catholic Church—present my compliments to Mrs. Ferguson—and be in peace and charity with all mankind—

And the blessing of God the Father

Son

&

Holy Ghost be with you.

*Amen.*

L. STERNE.

\* Hall-Stevenson's alum works near Skelton.



*Laurence Sterne to Mr. W[oodhouse]**Coxwold, December 20, 1766.*

Thanks, my dear W., for your letter.—I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink-standish to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps—I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength—I shall go to Naples, and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights.—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself—and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion), I am sure it would be unpleasant.—Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.—I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return—so shall be back by the King's birth-day—what a project!—and now, my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the sake of society—nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road.—If the amour of my Uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken—and so with a droll story I will finish this letter.—A sensible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary

(an acquaintance of ours)—the latter asked him how he did? “Why, ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attic salt* that I am in a fever.”—“Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber’s salt,—I have Epsom salt—in my shop, etc.—Oh! I suppose ’tis some French salt—I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himself.”—I fancy I see you smile.—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there—and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d’Holbach, and the rest of the joyous sett.—As to the females—no, I will not say a word about them—only I hate borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu—I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Lord Fauconberg*

LONDON,

Friday [January 9? 1767].

When we got up yesterday morning, the streets were four inches deep in snow; it has set in now with the most intense cold. I could scarce lay in bed for it; and this morning more snow again, though the roads after all, are extremely good near town and I suppose everywhere else. The snow has been very deep in Kent.

No news. I dined yesterday with Lord March, and a large company of the Duke of York’s

people, etc., and came away just as wise as I went. The King at "Cimon," the new opera, last night; nobody at Covent Garden, but the citizens' children and apprentices. The Duke of York was to have had a playhouse of his own, and had studied his part in "The Fair Penitent" and made Garrick act it twice on purpose to profit by it, but the King, 'tis said, has desired the Duke to give up the part and the project with it. All this is for the ladies, to whom, with all compliments to the party at quadrille and Lady Catherine, I am, my Lord, your most unworthy gazetteer that ever wrote but most faithfully your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.\*

*Laurence Sterne to Lord Fauconberg*

BOND STREET, January 16, 1767.

There is a dead stagnation of everything, and scarce any talk but about the damages done over the kingdom by this cruel storm. It began yesterday morning to thaw gently, and has continued going on so till now. I hope it will all get away after the same manner. It was so intensely cold on Sunday that there were few either at the church or court, but last night it thawed, the concert at Soho top full, and was (this for the ladies) the best assembly and the best concert I ever had the honour to be at. Lady Anne had the goodness to challenge me, or I had not known her, she was so prudently muffled up. Lord Bellasyse—I never saw him

\* *Hist. MSS. Com.*, Report XVI., II. 191-2.



look so well—Lady Bellasyse recovers *à merveille*,—and your little niece I believe grows like flax.

We had reports yesterday that the York stage-coach with fourteen people in and about it, were drowned by mistaking a bridge. It was so contradicted at night, as are half the morning reports in town.

“The School for Guardians” (wrote by Murphy) could scarce get through the first night—’tis a most miserable affair. Garrick’s “Cimon” fills his house brim-full every night.

The streets are dirtier than in the town of Coxwoud, for they are up to the knees, except on the *trottoir*.

I beg my best compliments, my Lord, to Mr. Bellasyse, the ladies, and to Mr. Brian Stapleton.\*

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

LONDON, February 13, 1767.

DEAR P[ANCHAUD],

I paid yesterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin.—But you must remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marseilles a hundred louis before she leaves that place, which will be in less than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy?—’tis liked the best of all here.—I am going to publish “A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy”—the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse—’tis sub-

\* *Hist. MSS. Com.*, Report XVI., II., 129.

scribed for, at a great rate—'twill be an original—in large quarto—the subscription half a guinea.—If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science, or fashion, I shall thank you—they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names.—My kindest remembrance to Mr. Foley—respects to Baron D'Holbach, and believe me ever ever yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Lydia Sterne*

OLD BOND-STREET, [LONDON],  
February 23, 1767.

And so, my Lydia! thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue—and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts—I envy you the sweet situation.—Petrarch's tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit to—the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful.—I am also much pleased with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in such a neighbour—I am glad he is so good as to correct thy translation of my Sermons—dear girl, go on, and make me a present of thy work—but why not “The House of Mourning”? 'tis one of the best. I long to receive the life of Petrarch, and his Laura, by your Abbé; but I am out of all patience with the answer the Marquis made the Abbé—'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any Christian patience.—But to the subject of your letter—I do not wish to know who was the busy fool, who made your

mother uneasy about Mrs. [Draper]. 'Tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation.—I believe I have judgment enough to discern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer—"that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject."—Why do you say that your mother wants money?—whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have nine-pence out of it?—I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours.—I shall not begin my "Sentimental Journey" till I get to Coxwould—I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track. . . .\*

Write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones—write naturally, and then you will write well.—I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague—I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the Bark. I will order you a guittar, since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud*

LONDON, February 27 [1767].

DEAR MR. PANCHAUD,

My daughter begs a present of me—'tis a Guittar—it must be strung with catgut and of 5 cords—"si chiama in Italiano, La Chitera di cinque corde."—She cannot get such a Thing at Marseilles—at Paris one may have everything—would you be so good to my Girl as to make

\* For the passage omitted here, see Vol. II., p. 129, of this work.



her happy in this affair, by getting some musical Body to buy one, and send it her to Avignon directed to Mons<sup>r</sup>. Feste.

I wrote last week to desire you would remit Mrs. Sterne a 100 Louis—'twil be all except the Guittar I shall owe you and send me your acc<sup>t</sup>. then and I will pay it to Mr. Selwin—Direct to me at Mr. Becket's—all kind resp<sup>ts</sup>. to my friend Foley—and my dear friend yr. sister.

Yrs. cordially,

L. STERNE.\*

\* British Museum, Add. MSS., 33964, f. 381.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### STERNE AND ELIZA

1767

The family of Eliza Selater—Eliza born at Anjengo—Sent to England as a child—At the age of fourteen returns to her father at Bombay—Marries Daniel Draper, H.E.I.C.S.—Visits England in 1765 with her husband and their two children—Remains in England after Draper's return—Meets Sterne in December 1766 at the James's—Commodore William James and Mrs. James—Sterne eulogises them in a letter to his daughter—Gossip connects the names of Mrs. Draper and Sterne—Their conduct indiscreet but innocent—Sterne's letter to Daniel Draper—Sterne's letters to Mrs. Draper—Mrs. Draper sails for India.

NOT Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love, and sing thee, my wife elect! All these names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza.

Thus Sterne in a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, written in the early part of the year 1767; and though, in spite of this fervent protestation, not Stella, nor Maintenon, nor Sacharissa, has paled before Eliza, yet most assuredly Eliza has come to be ranked with them among the heroines of romance. Some may think that too much attention has been given to the intimacy between this lady and Sterne—and it



TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

(See p. 86.)

*From an engraving by Wedgwood.*





may be that this is so ; but no biographer of the humorist can afford to pass over the incident.

Of the antecedents of Mrs. Draper nothing apparently was generally known to writers on the subject until 1897, when Mr. Thomas Secombe, in the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" on William Selater, Rector of Pitminster, showed that her descent could be traced from William's father, Anthony. Anthony Selater, born in 1520, was appointed in 1570 Rector of Leighton Buzzard, which benefice he held until his death in 1620, when he was succeeded in this clerical office by a younger son, Christopher. Christopher's son William served in the Civil Wars as a Cornet of Horse and subsequently entered the Church. He was appointed in 1666 to the living of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and later became Rector of Hadley. He died in 1690, having outlived by five years his son Francis. Francis had a son Christopher, born in 1679, who held the livings of Loughton and Chingford in Essex, married in 1707 Elizabeth, daughter of John May, of Worting, Hants, and by her had thirteen children. The tenth son, May, born on October 29, 1719, went out to India, probably as a cadet in the service of the East India Company, and there married a Miss Whitehall, who bore him three daughters, Elizabeth (Sterne's Eliza), born on April 5, 1744, Mary, and Louisa. The only other children of Christopher with which this narrative is

concerned were the daughter Elizabeth, who married Dr. Thomas Pickering, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's; and the fourth son Richard, born in 1712, who became an alderman of the city of London.\*

When his daughters were born, May Selater was factor of Anjengo, on the Malabar coast, and it was long assumed that his girls were brought up there. Even so late as 1893 Mr. James Douglas, the author of "Bombay and Western India," gave credence to the legend, and, after stating that there were very few Europeans at Anjengo, "it seems a marvel," he added, "how, never having been in Europe, Eliza should yet have been able to carry herself and attract so much attention there, from men who, whatever were their morals, claimed a first position in society and letters." As a matter of fact, however, like most children born in India of English parents, Eliza and her sisters were at an early age sent home for the sake of their health.

In England, Eliza stayed alternately with her

\* From Alderman Richard Selater is descended the present Lord Basing, by whose generous courtesy the present writer has had access to the unpublished letters, preserved at Hoddington House, written from India by Elizabeth Selater, afterwards Mrs. Draper, to members of her family in England. Passages from these letters are printed in this chapter and in a later chapter entitled "Mrs. Draper." Another descendant of the Alderman, Mr. William Ludley Selater, the distinguished naturalist, will shortly publish the memoirs of Mrs. Draper, in which the full text of these letters will be printed.



aunt, Mrs. Pickering, and with her uncle Richard, for whose eldest children, Thomas Mathew, and Elizabeth, she conceived an enduring affection. Not until she was in her fourteenth year did she return to her father, now a widower, and she arrived two days after Christmas 1757 at Bombay; where he then resided.

I was never half so much rejoiced at going to any Ball in my life as when we first saw the land (she wrote to her cousin in England, Elizabeth Sclater, March 13, 1758). The Dutch people are white but their servants are all Black, they were (*sic*) nothing at all about them but a little piece of rag about their waste (*sic*) which to us at first appeared very shocking.

My Papa's house is the best in Bombay, and where a great deal of company comes every day after dinner.

Among the company that came to May Sclater's house was Daniel Draper, who, entering the East India Company's service in or about 1749, had by this time risen to a fairly good position. In those days lads went out to India at an early age, and Draper in 1758 may well have been no more than thirty, though Dr. Sidney Lee has suggested that he was at least four years older. Draper fell in love with Eliza, and married her on July 28, 1758, she being then but fourteen. Such marriages, however, were not then uncommon in India. Two chil-

dren were born of this union, a boy in 1759 and a girl in October 1761.

Mrs. Draper suffered from ill health, and in 1765, with her husband and children, she came to England. The children were taken to an establishment at Enfield where Anglo-Indian children were cared for during the absence of their parents in the tropical zone, and presently Draper had to return to his post in Bombay. Mrs. Draper, however, remained in England to recover her strength. She stayed with relatives of her mother and father, but her movements do not concern this narrative until she was temporarily domiciled in London during the winter of 1766. It was not until December of that year that she met Sterne, probably at the town house in Gerrard Street, Soho, of William James and his wife—the “Mr. and Mrs. J.” of Sterne’s published correspondence.

William James, Commodore of the Bombay marine, having amassed a fortune by prize-money and mercantile enterprises, retired from the service at the age of eight-and-thirty and came to England in 1759, when he purchased an estate at Eltham, near Blackheath, and married Anne, daughter of Edmund Goddard, of Hart-ham in Wiltshire. Presently, he became chairman of the East India Company, and in 1778, five years before his death, he was made a baronet. With the Jameses Sterne was at his best, and he became the friend of the house.

To them he used to make his confidences, sure of sympathy ; sure, too, of sound advice that he would not have listened to from others ; sure, further, that the kindness shown to him would be extended, after he had gone, to his dear daughter. When he first became acquainted with them cannot now be determined, but probably it was not earlier than after his return from the second visit to the Continent. It is evident, however, that he was on very intimate terms with them at the end of 1766, as his references to them in his letters to Mrs. Draper show, though they are mentioned for the first time to his daughter, then with her mother at Marseilles, in a letter dated February 23, 1767.

I wish I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with—not Mrs. [Draper], but a Mrs. J[ames] the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I esteem them both. He possesses every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteristics, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances—I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired—and it is well worth your reading ; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one ; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.—Mrs. J[ames] is kind—and friendly—of a sentimental turn of mind—and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in—Just God ! if all were like



her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings—I wish my dear child knew her—thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee.

From this same letter we learn that the gossips were already busy coupling Sterne's name with Mrs. Draper's.\* Nor was Mrs. Sterne's informant the only person who disapproved of the relations of Sterne and Mrs. Draper.

The ——'s, by heavens, are worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you rather), with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still, thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness.—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts.—*They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No—But they weep, and say *tender things*.—Adieu to such for ever.

\* See Vol. II., p. 119, 120, of this work.

Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

The remonstrances of these friends of Eliza were not so outrageous as Sterne deemed them. There was, indeed, some ground for gossip, though perhaps, not for scandal—enough certainly, to alarm people interested in the lady: Sterne's visits to Mrs. Draper were too frequent, and Mrs. Draper was so indiscreet as to visit Sterne at his lodgings in Old Bond Street and dine there with him *tête-à-tête*. There has been much discussion as to whether the relations of the Brahmin and the Brahmine, as they loved to call each other, were innocent or guilty; but there can be no doubt that the intimacy was not carried to the last extreme. "I have had no commerce whatever with the Sex—not even with my wife—these fifteen years," Sterne told his physicians shortly after Eliza had returned to India.\* This in itself would not be conclusive evidence, though there could have been no reason for him to lie to these people; but the fact that he wrote down this conversation in a Journal intended exclusively for the eye of Mrs. Draper makes it certain that his assertion were accurate, at least so far as he and she was concerned. A man would scarcely trouble

\* See the *Journal to Eliza* (Vol. II., p. 200, of this work).

falsely to tell his mistress in confidence that he had had no intimacy with her. The Jameses must certainly believe in the innocence of the friendship, else they could scarcely have countenanced it, and not even Thackeray, who shares with John Croft the distinction of being Sterne's most envenomed critic, could have believed that the following letter (whether ultimately despatched or not) could have been written by a guilty man.

*Laurence Sterne to Daniel Draper*

Sir, I own it, Sir, that the writing a Letter to a gentleman I have not the honour to be known to, and a Letter likewise upon no kind of business (in the Ideas of the World) is a little out of the common course of Things—but I'm so myself—and the Impulse which makes me take up my pen is out of the Common way too—for it arises from the honest pain I should feel in avowing in so great esteem and friendship as I bear Mrs. Draper—if I did not wish and hope to extend it to Mr. Draper also—I fell in Love with your Wife—but 'tis a Love you would honour for—for 'tis so like that I bear my own daughter who is a good creature, that I scarce distinguish a difference betwixt it—the moment I had—that moment would have been the last. I wish it had been in my power to have been of true use to Mrs. Draper at this Distance from her best Protector.—I have bestowed a great deal of pains (or rather I should say pleasure) upon her head—her heart needs none—and her



head as little as any Daughter of Eve's—and indeed less than any it has been my fate to converse with for some years.—I wish I could make myself of any Service to Mrs. Draper whilst she is in India—and I in the world—for worldly affairs I could be of none.

I wish you, dear Sir, many years' happiness.—'Tis a part of my Litany to pray for her health and Life.—She is too good to be lost—and I would out of pure zeal take a pilgrimage to Mecca to seek a Medicine.\*

If the intimacy was, as is here contended, not carried to the last extreme, there is no doubt of the vigour with which Sterne and his Brahmine flirted, and therefore Sterne cannot be acquitted of insincerity when he wrote to Daniel Draper that he looked upon Eliza as a daughter. But if there is little that is paternal in the few letters of his to Mrs. Draper that have been preserved, on the other hand there is nothing from which the conclusion of undue intimacy can be built up.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[January or February, 1767.]

Eliza will receive my books with this—the sermons came all hot from the heart—I wish that I could give 'em any title, to be offered to Mrs. [Draper]—the others came from the

\* British Museum, Add. MSS., 34527. The letter, as given here, is taken from the rough draft.

head—I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you; so adieu,

Yours faithfully,

If not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[January or February, 1767.]

I cannot rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do.—May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[January or February, 1767.]

I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and

where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old lord toasted your health three different times ; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius ; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, etc. etc., always at his table.—The manner in which his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. “ I want to know you, Mr. Sterne ; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard,” continued he, “ of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much : I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast ; but have survived them ; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again : but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die ; which I now do ; so go home and dine with me.”—This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy ; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever



I knew : added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction ; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us.—And a most sentimental afternoon, 'till nine o'clock, have we passed ! But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse.—And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered ; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee.—Best of all good girls ! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.—Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight He lays upon us ! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being ; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease ; —thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment !—Fear nothing, my dear !—Hope every thing ; and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and chearfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing desk ; and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties.—Grateful and good girl ! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost ; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency !

The sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee ! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in ; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made thee my friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips ! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good, feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor, dejected face, with more transport, than he would be able to do, in the best bloom of all thy beauty ;—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art !

I am glad Miss Light goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could at least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize savages.—Though pity were it thou should'st be tainted with the office : How can'st thou make apologies for thy last letter ? 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if providence per-

mitted thy residence in the same section of the globe ; for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

Thy BRAMIN.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[*March (?)*, 1767.]

I write this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing beside me, to thee,—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness ! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight ! I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery—Heaven supply thee with fortitude ! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin, have mixt their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces. . . . .

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee to the hour of my death ! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee ? think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cause I have mentioned ! I think you are a very deserving woman ; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge : (though



to me it has never been visible) because I think in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more ; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure ; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out ; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza.

Thine,

YORICK.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

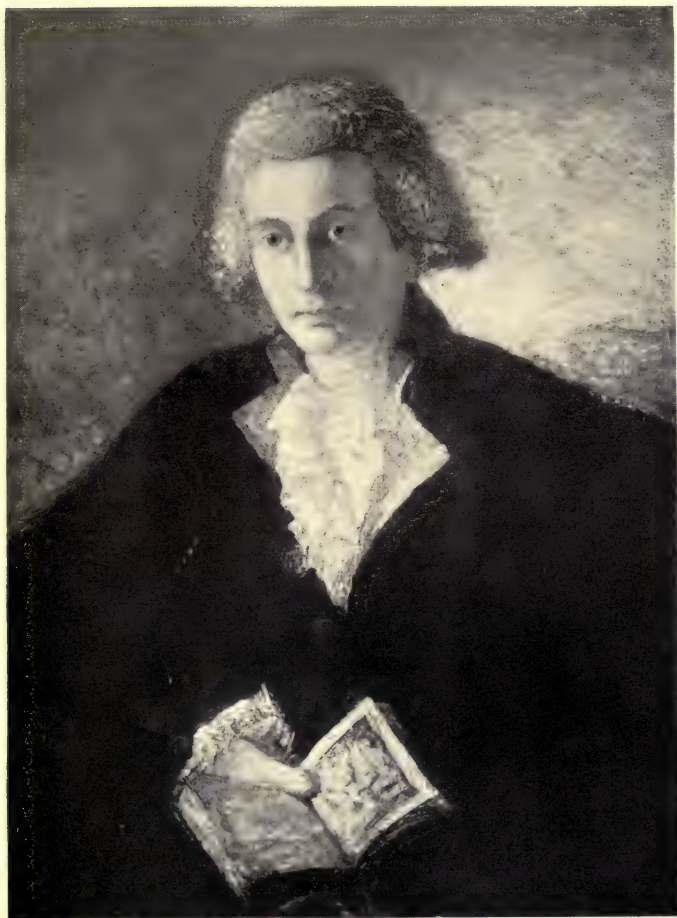
[March, 1767.]

To whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to her friend who loves her ? why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me ? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps ; and your pianoforté must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guittar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twist your wire with ; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes ! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessaries upon : I purchased twelve ; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould.—I shall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee,

moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes.

I have written, also, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what sort of an arm-chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me.—The journal is as it should be—all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distress. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of —; there was cause and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, I cannot. But, adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—she says thou looked'st most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell.—May the God of Kindness be kind to thee, and approve Himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and



LAURENCE STERNE.

(See p. 103.)

*From a photograph after a portrait by Gainsborough  
(in the Royal Peel Museum, Salford).*





distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza ; whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends.

YORICK.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[*March 1767.*]

MY DEAREST ELIZA !

I began a new journal this morning ; you shall see it ; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page ; but I will write chearful ones ; and could I write letters to thee they should be chearful ones too : but few, I fear, will reach thee ! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post ; till then, thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more.

Tell me how you are ; and what sort of fortitude Heaven inspires you with. How are you accomodated, my dear ? Is all right ? Scribble away, any thing and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal, with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds. —Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God ! consider the anguish of a poor girl. Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but Thee ! Save her

from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope is heard ; for the sky seems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. . . .

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my "Sentimental Journey." I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give nine pence for the picture of you, the Newnhams have got executed.—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other ; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste. The ——'s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing, or sticking like pitch, or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. [James] on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh to-night.—She answered, she did not go.—She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance, which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours ; and the



first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then ; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramer, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too, the first of which is that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee ; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls ! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[*March 1767.*]

I think you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions : and that before Miss Light has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her.—Now I think it a thousand times more likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza ; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza ; and in the

same room ; and an amorous son of Mars besides !—“ *It can be no, masser.*” The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill ; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it.—Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every such situation you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accomodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung ? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too, out of your apartment ; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.

I fear the best of your ship-mates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which thou must behold them. So was—you know who !—from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and distant, it is enough ; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice ;—thou wilt want every aid ; and ’tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial ! Best of God’s works, farewell ! Love me, I beseech thee : and remember me forever !

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P.S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands—it will reach me some how.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[*March 1767.*]

MY DEAR ELIZA !

Oh ! I grieve for your cabin.—And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl ; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy.

I hope you will have left the ship ; and that my Letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal.—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine, are numbered : but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee ; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time ; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim



at enlivening any one of them, with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better: and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods, and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. “May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me.”—With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to Him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly, and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style, and think, your’s.—Though sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy’s sake.—Money and counters are of equal use, in my opinion, they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is such a one as thou would’st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza’s.

Honour, and happiness, and health, and com-

forts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls ! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with them—with thee—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu. Preserve thy life, steadily pursue the ends we proposed ; and let nothing rob thee of those powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation “that we may be happy and meet again ; if not in this world, in the next.”—Adieu,—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly.

YORICK.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[*March 1767.*]

I wish to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India, for another year.—For I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B.—has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for ? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity ; or that I shall hate more. He will be an outcast, alien—In which case I will be a father to thy children,

my good girl ! therefore take no thought about them.

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case.—If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England, arises only from the dread which has entered his brain, that thou mayst run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them—that such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds is too, too hard ! Oh ! my child, that I could with propriety indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him ! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence—nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures Heaven has furnished my head with, for a future subsistence.

You owe much, I allow, to your husband,—you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world ; but, trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself.—Return, therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill. I will prescribe for you, gratis.—You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you, in pursuit of health, to Montpellier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall



fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies.—And then thou should'st warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee.—“I'm lost, I'm lost”—but we should find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a similar nature to this, was your Physician's prescription: “Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples—with the society of friendly gentle beings.” Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves.

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity, or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow.—I don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious. I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not.—Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob—because I design to marry you myself.—My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the Provinces in France already—and

I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself.—'Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this!—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour.—Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love, and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Draper*

[March 1767.]

MY DEAR ELIZA!

I have been within the verge of the gates of death.—I was ill the last time I wrote to you; and apprehensive of what would be the consequence.—My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all my India handkerchiefs with it.—It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep, through weakness. At six I awoke; with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I

dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room, with a shawl in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing.—With that you folded the shawl about my waist, and kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! “But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle.”—Dear Girl! I see thee,—thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears—“Bless *me* even also, my father!”—Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza—I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination, that “all will terminate to our heart’s content.” Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, “that the best of beings (as thou hast sweetly expressed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engaged in them.” The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed. I wish my memory did justice to the wording of



it.—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?—You have absolutely exalted it to a science! When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, “by an unfortunate Indian Lady.” The style is new; and would almost be sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit—but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled I believe in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your country women in your’s.—I have shewed your letters to Mrs. B——, and to half the literati in town.—You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou could’st acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments—so connected! so educated! Nature has, surely, studied to make thee her peculiar care—for thou art—(and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.

And so, this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman! take my last, last, farewell!—Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! Adieu! adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in

a thousand forms—but I concenter it in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza ! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again ! May no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's—and Yorick is thy friend for ever ! Adieu, adieu, adieu !

P.S. Remember, that Hope shortens all journeys, by sweetening them—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee ! May'st thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine my night ! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate, and hail thy return.

FARE THEE WELL !

## CHAPTER XIX

### MRS. DRAPER

Mrs. Draper's feeling for Sterne—Her unhappy married life—The Abbé Raynal's eulogium—Her admirers—Sterne's opinion of her charm—Her life in India, as related in her letters to her family—She leaves her husband—Comes to England—Death.

It may be taken for granted that Mrs. Draper's feelings were not very deeply engaged by Sterne. A woman of three-and-twenty does not often find such enduring attraction in a man of four-and-fifty, as a man of that age does in a woman more than thirty years his junior. But Sterne had fame and undoubted powers of fascination, and Mrs. Draper had in her composition an innocent vanity that induced her to encourage him. The homage of one of the most famous men in England was a compliment not lightly to be ignored; and, being flattered, Eliza, unhappy at home, was far from unwilling to enjoy herself abroad. She was clever and bright—perhaps a little bitter, too, remembering that she had been married, before she was old enough to know what marriage meant, to a man with uncongenial tastes, dour, and bad-tempered.\* It is to her credit that she never

\* It is but fair to mention that David Price, the Orientalist, in his autobiography, refers to David Draper as "a very noble and good-humoured man."



told Sterne of her married infelicity, though candid friends left him in no doubt as to her relations with her husband. "Mrs. James sunk my heart with an infamous account of Draper and his detested character," Sterne wrote in the "Journal to Eliza" on April 17, 1767, a few weeks after the lady to whom it was addressed had sailed for India.

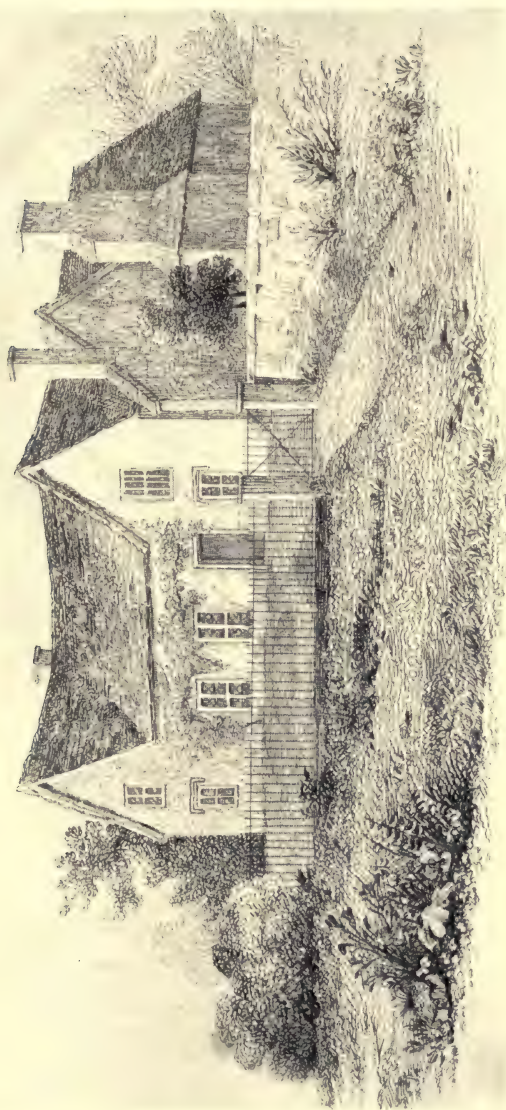
Eliza is a figure so fascinating to the world interested in the personal side of literary history that a few pages may perhaps be devoted to tracing her life after her acquaintance with Sterne. She was undoubtedly an attractive woman, and made conquest of others than the author of "Tristram Shandy" during this visit to England. The Abbé Raynal, a man about the same age as Sterne, fell a victim to her charms, and expressed his passion in a strange and wild piece of bombast, which he inserted in the second edition of his "History of the Indies." The passage is too long to be given in its entirety, but room must be found for the opening lines of the quaint eulogium.

Territory of Anjengo, thou art nothing ; but thou hast given birth to Eliza. A day will come, when these staples of commerce, founded by the Europeans on the coast of Asia, will exist no more. Before a few centuries are elapsed, the grass will cover them, or the Indians, *avenged*, will have built upon their ruins. But if my works be destined to have any duration,

the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man. Those who shall read my words, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say—"There it was that Eliza Draper was born"; and if there be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride—"And there it was that she was born of English parents."

It was not only to men of middle age that Mrs. Draper appealed, for her cousin, Thomas Mathew Sclater, the playmate of her youth, was one of her most devoted admirers; and James Forbes, the Orientalist, wrote her down as "a lady with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted at Bombay, whose refined tastes and elegant accomplishments require no encomium from my pen." That she was fascinating may be taken for granted, but wherein lay her attractiveness is not so clear. Raynal laid more stress on the qualities of her mind than on her appearance:

The men were used to say, that no woman had so many graces as Eliza: the women said so too. They all praised her candour; they all extolled her sensibility; they were all ambitious of the honour of her acquaintance. The stings of envy were never pointed against unconscious merit. . . . Eliza's mind was cultivated, but the effect of this art was never perceived. It had done nothing more than embellish nature; it



THE PARSONAGE HOUSE, COXWOLD.

(See p. 114.)

*From an old print.*





served in her, only to make the charm more lasting. Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting. Such is the impression she made in Europe. Eliza, then, was *very beautiful*? No, she was simply beautiful; but there was no beauty she did not eclipse, because she was the only one that was like herself.

Sterne, too, by his own not too artless confession was in the first instance drawn to her by something other than her good looks.

I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours [he wrote to her when they had become well acquainted]. She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher.—In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantage of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal—appearing the good girl nature made you; which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birthday suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than *common*

care, the day you sat for Mrs. James.—Your colour too, brightened ; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before.—When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured you.—But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one.—You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders,—but are something more ; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance ; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it ; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

While all are agreed that Mrs. Draper had beauty of expression rather than perfectly-



formed features, there was given a description of her as having "an appearance of artless innocence, a transparent complexion consequent upon delicate health, but without any sallowness, brilliant eyes, a melodious voice, an intellectual countenance unusually lighted up with much animation and expressing a sweet gentleness of disposition." \* She had, we are told, engaging manners and numerous accomplishments. She talked well and wrote well, and could play the piano and the guitar. Her faults were a tendency to pecuniary extravagance, and a liking for admiration—which latter trait, in her correspondence, she admitted and bewailed. She was also, it must be admitted, a most arrant flirt.

*Mrs. Draper to her Cousin, Thomas  
Mathew Sclater*

"EARL CHATHAM" (OFF SANTIAGO),  
2nd May, 1767.

. . . From the vilest spot of earth I ever saw, and inhabited by the ugliest of Beings—I greet my beloved cousin—St. Jago the place—a charming passage to it—fair winds and fine weather all the way. Health too, my friend, is once more returned to her enthusiastic votary. I am all Life, air and spirits—who'd have

\* *Bombay Quarterly Review*, January 1857, p. 191. The article is anonymous, and can scarcely have been written by one who knew Mrs. Draper, though he may well have been acquainted with those who had.

thought it—considering me in the light of an Exile? And how do you, my Sclater?—and how sat the thoughts of my departure on your Eyes? and how the reality of it? I want you to answer me a thousand questions, yet hope not for an answer to them for many many months. I am \*\*\*\*\* Did you receive a letter I wrote you from the Downs with a copy of one enclosed from Sterne to me with his sermons and “Shandy”? I sent such to you, notwithstanding the Bagatelle airs I give myself—my heart heaves with sighs, and my eyes betray its agitating emotions, every time I think of England and my valuable connections there—ah, my Sclater, I almost wish I had not re-visited that charming country, or that it had been my fate to have resided in it for ever, but in the first instance the Lord’s will be done, mine I hope may be accomplished in the second.

*Mrs. Draper to Thomas Mathew Sclater*

“EARL CHATHAM” (OFF THE MALABAR COAST),  
29 November, 1767.

They all tell me I’m so improved—nothing—I say to what I was in England—nobody can contradict the assertion—and if it adds to my consequence you know—it is a good policy.—Always self to be the subject of your pen (you say), Eliza—why not, my dear cousin? Why have I not as good a right to tell you of my perfections as Montaigne had to divulge to the World he loved white wine better than red? with several other Whims, Caprices, bodily

complaints, infirmities of temper, etc. etc.—of the old Gascoignes, not but I love his essays better than most modern ones—and think those that have branded him with the name of Egotist—deserve to be Debar'd the pleasure of speaking of—or looking at themselves—how is it we love to laugh, and yet we do not often approve the person who feeds that voracious passion?—Human nature this! vile rogue!—'tis a bad picture—however there's a great resemblance. . . . Once a year is tax enough on a tender Conscience, to sit down premeditatedly to write fibs—and let it not enter your imagination that you are to correspond with me in such terms as your heart dictates. No, my dear Sclater—such a conduct tho' perfectly innocent (and to me worth all the studied periods of Labour'd Eloquence) would be offensive to my Husband—whose humour I now am resolved to study—and if possible conform to, if the most punctilious attention can render me necessary to his happiness . . . be so—Honour—prudence—and the interest of my beloved children . . . and the necessary Sacrifice—and *I will make it*.—Opposing his will, will not do—let me now try, if the conforming to it, in every particular will better my condition—it is my wish, Sclater—it is my ambition (indeed it is)—to be more distinguish'd as a good wife than as the agreeable woman I am in your partial Eyes even—'tis true I have vanity enough to think I have understanding sufficient to give laws to my Family, but as that cannot be and providence for wise purposes constituted the male the Head—I will endeavour



to act an underpart with grace. "Where much is given much is required." I will think of this proverb and learn humility.

*Mrs. Draper to her Aunt, Mrs. Pickering*

BOMBAY, HIGH MEADOW,  
21st March, 1768.

I found my Husband in possession of health, and a good post. Providence will, I hope, continue to him the blessing of the one and the Directors at home, that of the other. My agreeable sister is now a widow, and so much improved in mind and person, as to be a very interesting object. May she be so far conscious of her own worth, as to avoid throwing herself away a second time.

Draper was in this year removed from Bombay to Tellicherry, where he was very successful, and was making so much money that his wife thought that in six or seven years they might be able to return to England with a comfortable competence.

*Mrs. Draper to Thomas Mathew Sclater*

TELLICHERY, April 1769.

. . . If Fortune continues to be as propitious to us, the six ensuing Seasons as She's proved the last, Mr. Draper would not thank the Directors for nominating him to the Government of Bombay.

We are both well and entirely contented and

wish not to exchange our Situation, but for an Independence in England.\*

*Mrs. Draper to Thomas Mathew Sclater*

TELLICHERY, May 1769.

Mr. D. has lost his beneficial post at Bombay, and is, by order of the Company, now Chief in one of the Factories subordinate to it. This was a terrible blow to us at first, but use has in some measure reconciled [us to] the mortifying change, though we have no prospect of acquiring such an independence here as will enable us to settle in England for many, very many years, as the country for some time has been the seat of war, and still continues subject to frequent alarms from the growing power of an ambitious usurper. I've no doubt but a general massacre of the English will ensue, if he once more visits this coast. Our fortifications are a wretched burlesque upon such. Troops not better soldiers than trained Bands, and too few in number to cope with so able a general and politician.

I was within an hour once, of being his prisoner and cannot say but I thought it a piece of good fortune to escape that honour, though he has promised to treat all English ladies well that cheerfully submit to the laws of his seraglio. The way of life I'm now in is quite new to me, but not utterly unpleasant. I'm by turns the wife of a Merchant, Soldier and Innkeeper, for in such different capacities is the Chief of Tellichery destined to act. The War is a bar to

\* *Times of India*, April 29, 1898.

Commerce, yet I do a great deal of business in the mercantile way, as my husband's amanuensis. You know his inability to use the pen, and as he has lost his Clerks and Accountant, without any prospect of acquiring others, I'm necessitated to pass the greatest part of my time in his office, and consent to do so, as it gives me consequence and him pleasure. I really should not be unhappy here if the Motive for which we left England could be as easily accomplished as at Bombay, but that cannot be without an advantageous place—then indeed we should do very well.

The country is pleasant and healthy (a second Montpellier) our house (a fort and property of the Company) a magnificent one, furnished too, at our Master's expense, and the allowance for supporting it creditably, what you would term genteelly, though it does not defray the charge of Liquors, which alone amount to six hundred a year, and such a sum vast as it seems does not seem extravagant in our situation. For we are obliged to keep a public table and six months in the year have a full house of shipping Gentry, that resort to us for traffic and intelligence from all parts of India, China and Asia. Our Society, at other times is very confined, as it only consists of a few factors, and two or three families : and such we cannot expect great intercourse with on account of the heavy rains and terrible thunder with lightning to which this Coast is peculiarly subject six months in the year. . . . I flatter myself I'm beloved by such of the Malabars as are within reach of my notice. I



was born upon their coast, which is an argument in my favour. . . . I never go out without a guard of six Sepoys (Mahomedan soldiers) armed with drawn sabres and loaded pistols, as some of the Natives are treacherous and might be induced to insult a woman of *my Consequence* without a Veil.

From Tellicherri Daniel Draper went to Surat as Chief of the Factory, and there he remained until about 1772, when he was removed to Bombay, and took up his residence at Belvidere, called also Mazagon, House, overlooking the Bay.

*Mrs. Draper to Thomas Mathew Sclater*

SURAT, 5th April, 1771.

“ . . . I received your affectionate letter, my dear Coz, and I prophecy that I shall answer it very stupidly for I danced last night—supped on a cool terrace, and sat up till three o’clock this morning. This may appear nothing very extraordinary to you, my spirits and love of the graceful movement considered, but it was a very great undertaking, the climate, my plan of temperance and exercise considered; for you must know that I find it necessary to live simply mechanical, in order to preserve the remains of a broken constitution and some traces of my former appearance. I rise with the lark daily, and as constantly amble some eight or sixteen miles—after the fox too occasionally, but field sports have something Royal with them here. What think you of hunting the Antelope with

Leopards? This I have frequently done, and a noble diversion it is. Early hours and abstemious Diet are absolutely necessary to the possession of health in India, and I generally conform to the one, and invariably practise the other. Ten or eleven o'clock at the latest, is the usual time of retiring, and soup or vegetables, with sherbet and milk, constitutes the whole of my regimen. Still I cannot acquire anything like confirmed health or strength here; but if this mode of living preserves my being, my cheerfulness and natural disposition to make the best of things will I hope teach me to bear it. . . . At least I will not thro' any fault of my own, return to Europe with the dregs of life only, but endeavour by every honest means to preserve such a position of animating spirit, as may qualify me for the character of an agreeable companion; and then, who knows but cool weather, fashionable society and the animating presence of those I love may enable me

Formed by their converse happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Do you know that I begin to think all praise foreign but that of true desert. It was not always so, but this same solitude produces reflection and reflection in good minds is an enemy to everything that is not founded on truth, consequently I grow fond of my own approbation and endeavour to deserve it by such a mode of thinking and acting as may enable me to acquire it. Seriously, my dear Scater, I believe I shall one day be a good moralist.

*Mrs. Draper to Mrs. Richard Sclater*BOMBAY,  
6th February, 1772.

I cannot say that we have any immediate hopes of returning to England as independent people. India is not what it was, my dear Madam, nor is even a moderate fortune to be acquired here, without more assiduity and time than the generality of English persons can be induced to believe or think of as absolutely necessary: but this Idea, painful as it is to many adventurers who've any notion of the difficulties they are to encounter in the road to wealth, would not affect me considerably, if I had not some very material reasons for wishing to leave the Climate expeditiously. My health is much prejudiced by a Residence in it, my affection for an only child, strongly induces me to bid farewell to it before it is too late to benefit by a change of scene. Mr. Draper will in all probability be obliged to continue here some years longer, but, as to myself, I hope to be permitted to call myself an inhabitant of your country before I am two years older.

*Mrs. Draper to Mrs. Anne James*BOMBAY,  
15th April, 1772.

You wonder, my dear, at my writing to Becket—I'll tell you why I did so. I have heard some Anecdotes extremely disadvantageous to the Characters of the Widow and Daughter [of Sterne], and that from Persons who said they



had been personally acquainted with them, both in France and England . . . some part of their Intelligence corroborated what I had a thousand times heard from the lips of Yorick, almost invariably repeated. . . . The Secret of my Letters being in her hands, had somehow become extremely Public ; it was noticed to me by almost every acquaintance I had in the Ships, or at this Settlement—this alarmed me, for at that time I had never communicated the circumstance and could not suspect you of acting by me in any manner which I would not have acted in by myself.—One Gentleman in particular told me that both you and I should be deceived, if we had the least reliance on the Honor or Principles of Mrs. Sterne, for that, when she had secured as much as she could for suppressing the Correspondence she was capable of selling it to a Bookseller afterwards—by either refusing to return it to you—or taking Copies of it, without our knowledge—and therefore He advised me, if I was averse to its Publication, to take every means in my Power of Suppressing it—this influenced me to write to Becket and promise Him a reward equal to his Expectations if He would deliver the letters to you. . . .

My dear Friend, that stiffness you complain'd of when I called you Mrs. James, and said I could not accost you with my usual Freedom entirely arose from a Depression of Spirits, too natural to the mortified, when severe Disappointments gall the Sense.—You had told me that Sterne was no more.—I had heard it before, but this Confirmation of it truly afflicted me ; for I was

almost an Idolator of his Worth, while I found Him the Mild, Generous, Good Yorick we had so often thought Him to be—to add to my regret for his loss his Widow had my letters in her Power (I never entertained a good opinion of her), and meant to subject me to Disgrace and Inconvenience by the Publication of them.—You know not the contents of these letters, and it was natural for you to form the worst judgment of them, when those who had seen 'em reported them unfavourably, and were disposed to dislike me on that Account.—My dear girl! had I not cause to feel humbled so Circumstanced—and can you wonder at my sensations communicating themselves to my Pen? . . . . .

Miss Sterne's did indeed, my dear, give me a great deal of pain—it was such a one as I by no means deserved in answer to one written in the true Spirit of kindness, however it might have been constructed.—Mr. Sterne had repeatedly told me, that his Daughter was as well acquainted with my Character as he was with my Appearance—in all his letters wrote since my leaving England this Circumstance is much dwelt upon—another, too, that of Mrs. Sterne being in too precarious a State of Health, to render it possible that she would survive many months. Her Violence of temper (indeed, James, I wish not to recriminate or be severe just now) and the hatefulness of her Character, are strongly urged to me, as the Cause of his Indifferent Health, the whole of his Misfortunes, and the Evils that would probably Shorten his Life—the visit Mrs. Sterne meditated, some time



antecedent to his Death, he most pathetically lamented, as an adventure that would wound his Peace and greatly embarrass his Circumstances—the former on account of the Eye Witness He should be to his Child's Affections having been alienated from Him by the artful Misrepresentations of her Mother under whose Tutorage she had ever been—and the latter, from the Rapacity of her Disposition—"for well do I know," says he, "that the sole Intent of her Visit is to plague and fleece me—had I money enough, I would buy off this Journey, as I have done several others—but till my Sentimental Work is published I shall not have a single sou more than will indemnify People for my immediate Expences." Soon after the receipt of this Intelligence I heard of Yorick's Death. The very first Ship which left us Afterwards, I wrote to Miss Sterne by—and with all the freedom which my Intimacy with her Father and his Communications warranted—I purposely avoided speaking of her Mother, for I knew nothing to her Advantage, and I had heard a great deal to the reverse—so circumstanced—how could I with any kind of Delicacy Mention a Person who was hateful to my departed Friend, when for the sake of that very Friend I wished to confer a kindness on his Daughter—and to enhance the value of it, Solicited her Society and consent to share my Prospects, as the highest Favor which could be shewn to Myself—indeed, I knew not, but Mrs. Sterne, from the Description I had received of her, might be no more—or privately confined, if



in Being, owing to a Malady, which I have been told the violence of her temper subjects her to.\*

It has been stated by many writers that the cause of the unhappy life led by the Drapers at Bombay was the fault of Sterne, whose insidious flatteries undermined the lady's moral rectitude.† This, not to put too fine a point on it, is a conclusion as absurd as it is unwarrantable. Mrs. Draper was far too intelligent not to realise that Sterne was a sentimentalist, and not to understand that such allusions as to her being his second wife were, if in bad taste, at least meant to be playful, seeing that he was, and knew he was, standing on the threshold of the valley of the shadow of death. Mrs. Draper left her husband six years after she had said farewell to Sterne, not because of the author's influence on her, but because her patience, weakened by a long course of unkind behaviour,

\* British Museum, Add. MSS., 34527.

† "Combe assured me that it was with him, not with Sterne, that Eliza was in love; that he used to meet her often beside a windmill near Brighton; that he was once surprised in her bed-chamber, and fled through the window, leaving one of his shoes behind him; that, some days after, he encountered her as she was walking with a party on what is now the Steyne (at Brighton), and that, as she passed him, she displayed from her muff the toe of his shoe."—Samuel Rogers: *Table Talk* (ed. Dyce), 1856, p. 117.

Combe's reputation is such, however, that no uncorroborated statement of his can be credited. Combe it was who published the spurious "Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza."

was finally outraged by her husband's obvious partiality for her maid, Mrs. Leeds. She had long desired to leave Draper, and now a legitimate excuse was furnished, which, in the eyes of all unprejudiced persons, justified the step.

Draper, who seems to have had some suspicion of his wife's intention to run away, watched her closely, and for a while it was impossible for her to get away. At last she escaped from Belvidere House on board a King's cutter, and it was stated that she had eloped with one of her admirers, Sir John Clark. The truth was that she accepted his escort to the house of her uncle, Thomas Whitehall, who lived at Masulipatam.

*Mrs. Draper to Thomas Mathew Sclater*

RAJAHMUNDRY,  
80 miles from MASULIPATAM,  
*January 20, 1774.*

. . . I will let you into my present situation. I live entirely with my uncle, and I shall continue to do so to the last hour of my life if he continues to wish it as much as he does at present.

Whether her uncle did not continue to desire her company, or whether she tired of the life, cannot be determined, but later in the year 1774 she returned to England. There she took up her friendship with the Jameses from the

point at which it had been interrupted by her departure seven years earlier for India, and she was soon the centre of a distinguished circle. The publication in 1775 of some of Sterne's letters to her made her somewhat unpleasantly notorious, and she withdrew from London to the comparative seclusion of Bristol, where she remained until her death, three years later. She was buried in Bristol Cathedral, where a monument, depicting two classical figures bending over a shield, one bearing a torch, the other a dove, was erected in her honour. The shield bore the inscription :

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
MRS. ELIZA DRAPER,  
IN WHOM  
GENIUS & BENEVOLENCE  
WERE UNITED  
SHE DIED AUGUST 3, 1778,  
AGED 35.



## CHAPTER XX

### THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA \*

(*April 13 to November 1, 1767*)

THIS Journal, wrote under the fictitious names of Yorick and Draper—and sometimes of the Bramin and Bramine—but 'tis a Diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a Lady for whose Society he languish'd.—The real Names are foreign—and the Acc<sup>t</sup> a Copy from a french mans<sup>pt</sup>—in Mrs. S——'s hands—but wrote as it is to cast a Viel over them.—There is a Counterpart—which is the Lady's Acc<sup>t</sup>—what transactions dayly happened—and what Sentiments occupied her mind, during this Separation from her Admirer—these are worth reading—the translator cannot say so much in fav<sup>r</sup> of Yorick's—which seem to have little merit beyond their honesty and truth.

### *Continuation of the Bramine's Journal †*

(he sail'd 23)

*Sunday, Ap. 13.* Wrote the last farewell to Eliza by Mr. Wats who sails this day for Bombay

\* The *Journal* has been copied from the original MS. which is preserved in the British Museum.

† Sterne frequently wrote "Bramine" for "Bramin."

—inclosed her likewise the Journal kept from the day we parted, to this—so from hence continue it till the time we meet again—Eliza does the same, so we shall have mutual testimonies to deliver hereafter to each other, That the Sun has not more constantly rose and set upon the earth, that we have thought of and remembered, what is more cheering than Light itself—eternal Sunshine !

Eliza !—dark to me is all this world without thee ! and most heavily will every hour pass over my head, till that is come w<sup>ch</sup> brings thee, dear Woman, back to Albion. Dined with Hall etc.—at the brawn's head—the whole Pandamonium assembled—supp'd together at Hall's—worn out both in body and mind, and paid a severe reckoning all the night.

*Ap. 14.* Got up tottering and feeble—then is it, Eliza, that I feel the want of thy friendly hand and friendly Council—and yet, with thee beside me, thy Bramin would lose the merit of his virtue—he could not err—but I will take thee upon any terms, Eliza : I shall be happy here—and I will be so just, so kind to thee, I will deserve not to be miserable hereafter.—A Day dedicated to Abstinence and reflection—and what Object will employ the greatest part of mine—full well does my Eliza Know.—

*Monday, Ap. 15.* Worn out with fevers of all kinds but most by that fever of the heart with w<sup>ch</sup> I'm eternally wasting, and shall waste till I see Eliza again—dreadful Suffering of 15 Months !—it may be more—great Controuler of Events ! surely thou wilt proportion this to

my strength, and to that of my Eliza. Pass'd the whole afternoon in reading her Letters, and reducing them to the order in which they were wrote to me—staid the whole evening at home—no pleasure or Interest in either Society or Diversions.—What a change, my dear Girl, hast thou made in me! but the Truth is, thou hast only turn'd the tide of my passions a new way—they flow, Eliza, to thee—and ebb from every other Object in this world—and Reason tells me they do right—for my heart has rated thee at a price, that all the world is not rich enough to purchase thee from me at.

*Ap. 16.*—In a high fever all the night and got up so ill I would not go to Mrs. James as I had promised her—took James's Powder however—and lean'd the whole day with my head upon my hand, sitting most dejectedly at the Table with my Eliza's picture before me—sympathizing and soothing me—O my Bramine! my Friend! my Help-mate!—for that (if I'm a prophet) is the Lot marked out for thee! and such I consider thee now, and thence it is, Eliza, I share so righteously with thee, in all the evil or good which befalls thee.—But all our portion is Evil now, and all our hours grief—I look forwards towards the Elysium we have so often and rapturously talk'd of—Cordelia's Spirit will fly to tell thee in some sweet Slumber, the moment the door is opened for thee—and The Bramin of the Vally, shall follow the track wherever it leads him, to get to his Eliza, and invite her to his Cottage.

*5 in the afternoon.* I have been eating my



Chicking, sitting over my repast upon it, with Tears—a bitter Sause—Eliza! but I could eat it with no other—when Molly spread the Table Cloath, my heart fainted within me—one solitary plate—one Knife—one fork—one Glass!—O Eliza! 'twas painfully distressing,—I gave a thousand pensive penetrating Looks at the Arm chair thou so often graced on these quiet, sentimental Repasts—and sighed and laid down my knife and fork,—and took out my handkerchief, clap'd it across my face and wept like a child—I shall read the same affecting Acc<sup>t</sup> of many a sad Dinner w<sup>ch</sup> Eliza has had no power to taste of, from the same feelings and recollections, how She and her Bramin have eat their bread in peace and Love together.

*April 17.* With my friend Mrs. James in Gerard Street with a present of Colours and apparatus for painting.—Long conversation about thee, my Eliza—sunk my heart w<sup>th</sup> an infamous Acc<sup>t</sup> of Draper and his detested Character at Bombay—for what a wretch art thou then hazarding thy life, my dear friend, and what thanks is his nature capable of returning?—thou wilt be repaid with Injuries and Insults! Still there is a blessing in store for the meek and gentle, and Eliza will not be disinherited of it; her Bramin is kept alive by this hope only—otherwise he is so sunk both in Spirits and looks, Eliza would scarce know him again. Dined alone again to-day; and begin to feel a pleasure in this kind of resigned Misery arising from this Situation of heart unsupported

by aught but its own tenderness.—Thou owest me much, Eliza !—and I will have patience, for thou wilt pay me all.—But the Demand is equal, much I owe thee, and with much shalt thou be requited.—Sent for a Chart of the Atlantic Ocean, to make conjectures upon what part of it my Treasure was floating.—O ! 'tis but a little way off—and I could venture after it in a Boat, methinks—I'm sure I could, was I to know Eliza was in distress—but fate has chalk'd out other roads for us—we must go on with many a weary step, each in his separate heartless track, till Nature——

*Ap. 18.* This day set up my Carriage—new subject of heart-ache, That Eliza is not here to share it with me.

Bought Orm's account of India—Why ?—Let not my Bramine ask me—her heart will tell her why I do this, and every Thing.

*Ap. 19.* Poor sick-headed, sick-hearted Yorick ! Eliza has made a Shadow of thee—I am absolutely good for nothing, as every mortal is who can think and talk but upon one thing !—how I shall rally my powers alarms me ; for Eliza thou has[t] melted them all into one—the power of loving thee—and with such ardent affection as triumphs over all other feelings—was with our faithful friend all the morning, and dined with her and James.—What is the cause that I can never talk ab<sup>t</sup> my Eliza to her, but I am rent in pieces—I burst into tears a dozen different times after dinner, and such affectionate gusts of passion, That she was ready

to leave the room, and sympathize in private for us. I weep for you both, said she (in a whisper), for Eliza's anguish is as sharp as yours—her heart as tender—her constancy as great—heaven will join your hands I'm sure together!—James was occupied in reading a pamphlet upon the East India affairs—so I answered her with a kind look, a heavy sigh, and a stream of tears.—What was passing in Eliza's breast, at this affecting crisis?—something kind, and pathetic! I will lay my Life.

8 o'clock—retired to my room, to tell my dear this—to run back the hours of Joy I have passed with her—and meditate upon those w<sup>ch</sup> are still in reserve for us.—By this time Mr. James tells me, you will have got as far from me as the Maderas, and that in two months more, you will have doubled the Cape of Good Hope.—I shall trace thy track every day in the Map, and not allow one hour for contrary Winds, or Currents—every engine of nature shall work together for us.—'Tis the Language of Love—and I can speak no other, and so, good night to thee, and may the gentlest delusions of love impose upon thy dreams, as I forbode they will, this night, on those of thy Bramine.

*Ap. 20.* Easter Sunday. Was not disappointed—yet awoke in the most acute pain.—Something, Eliza, is wrong with me.—You should be ill out of sympathy—and yet you are too ill already, my dear friend.—All day at home—in extream dejection.



*Ap. 21.* The Loss of Eliza, and attention to that one Idea, brought on a fever—a consequence I have for some time foreseen—but had not a sufficient Stock of cold philosophy to remedy—to satisfy my friends, call'd in a Physician—Alas! Alas! the only Physician, and who carries the balm of my Life along with her,—is Eliza.—Why did I suffer thee to go from me?—surely thou hast more than once call'd thyself my Eliza, to the same Account.—'twil cost us both dear! but it could not be otherwise.—We have submitted—we shall be rewarded.

'Twas a prophetic Spirit, w<sup>ch</sup> dictated the Acc<sup>t</sup> of Corp<sup>l</sup> Trim's uneasy night—when the fair Begum ran in his head,—for every night and almost every Slumber of mine, since the day We parted, is a repitition of the same description—dear Eliza! I am very ill—very ill for thee—but I could still give thee greater proofs of my Affection. Parted with 12 ounces of blood, in order to quiet what was left in me—'tis a vain experiment,—physicians cannot understand this, 'tis enough for me that Eliza does.—I am worn down, my dear girl, to a Shadow, and but that I'm certain thou wilt not read this till I'm restored—thy Yorick would not let the Winds hear his Complaints—

4 o'clock—Sorrowful meal! for 'twas upon our old dish.—We shall live to eat it, my Dear Bramine, with comfort.

8 at night—our dear friend Mrs. James, from the foreboding of a good heart, thinking I was ill, sent her maid to enquire after me—I had

alarm'd her on Saturday ; and not being with her on Sunday, her friendship supposed the condition I was in—She suffers most tenderly for us, my Eliza !—and we owe her more than all the Sex—or indeed both Sexes, if not all the world put together—Adieu ! my sweet Eliza ! for this night—thy Yorick is going to waste himself on a restless bed, where he will turn from side to side a thousand times—and dream by Intervals of things terrible and impossible—That Eliza is false to Yorick, or Yorick is false to Eliza.

*Ap. 22nd.*—Rose with utmost difficulty—my physician order'd me back to bed as soon as I had got a dish of Tea—was bled again ; my arm broke loose and I half bled to death in bed before I felt it. O Eliza ! how did thy Bramine mourn the want of thee to tye up his wounds and comfort his dejected heart.—Still something bids me hope,—and hope, I will—and it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I part with.

*4 o'clock.*—They are making my bed—how shall I be able to continue my Journal in it ?—If there remains a chasm here—think, Eliza, how ill thy Yorick must have been—this moment rec<sup>d</sup> a card from our dear friend, begging me to take [care] of a Life so valuable to my friends—but most so—she adds, to my poor dear Eliza.—Not a word from the Newnhams ! but they had no such exhortation in their harts, to send thy Bramine—adieu to 'em !—

*Ap. 23.*—A poor night, and am only able to

quit my bed at 4 this afternoon—to say a word to my dear—and fulfill my engagement to her, of letting no day pass over my head without some kind communication with thee—faint resemblance, my dear girl, of how our days are to pass, when one Kingdom holds us—visited in bed by 40 friends, in the Course of the Day—is not one warm affectionate call, of that friend, for whom I sustain Life, worth 'em all?—what thinkest thou, my Eliza?

*Ap. 24.* So ill, I could not write a word all this morning—not so much, as Eliza! farewell to thee:—I'm going—am a little better——

—So shall not depart, as I apprehended—being this morning something better,—and my Symptoms become milder, by a tolerable easy night,—and now, if I have strength and Spirits to trail my pen down to the bottom of the page, I have so whimsical a Story to tell you, and as comically disastrous as ever befell one of our family—Shandy's nose—his name—his Sash Window—are fools to it. It will serve at least to amuse you. The Injury I did myself in catching cold upon James's powder, fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could,—the most painful and most dangerous of any in the human Body.—It was on this Crises, I call'd in an able Surgeon and with him an able physician (both my friends) to inspect my disaster—'Tis a venereal case, cried my two Scientifick friends—'Tis impossible, at least to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the Sex—not even with my wife, added I, these 15



years—You are \*\*\*\*\*, however, my good friend said the Surgeon, or there is no such Case in the world.—What the Devil! said I, without knowing Woman—We will not reason more about it, said the Physician, but you must undergo a course of Mercury,—I'll lose my life first, said I,—and trust to Nature, to Time—or at the worst—to Death,—So I put an end with some Indignation to the Conference; and determined to bear all the torment I underwent, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated as a *Sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *Saint*. Now as the father of mischief w<sup>d</sup> have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous—it so fell out, that from the moment I dismiss'd my Doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be express'd or supported—every hour became more intolerable—I was got to bed—cried out and raved the whole night—and was got up so near dead—That my friends insisted upon my sending again for my Physician and Surgeon—I told them upon the word of a man of strict honour, They were both mistaken as to my case—but tho' they had reason'd wrong—they might act right—but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the Imputation, w<sup>ch</sup> a venereal treatment of my case, laid me under.—They answered that these taints of the blood laid dormant 20 years—but that they would not reason with me in a matter wherein I was so delicate—but would do all the office for w<sup>ch</sup> they were call'd in—namely, to put an end to my torment, w<sup>ch</sup> otherwise would put an end

to me.—and so I have been compell'd to surrender myself—and thus, Eliza, is your Yorick, y<sup>r</sup> Bramine—your friend with all his sensibilities, suffering the Chastisement of the grossest Sensualist.—Is it not a most ridiculous Embarrassm<sup>t</sup>, as ever Yorick's Spirit could be involved in—

'Tis needless to tell Eliza, that nothing but the purest consciousness of Virtue, could have temptd Eliza's friend to have told her this Story.—Thou art too good, my Eliza, to love aught but Virtue—and too discerning not to distinguish the open character w<sup>ch</sup> bears it, from the artful and double one w<sup>ch</sup> affects it.—This, by the way, w<sup>d</sup> make no bad anecdote in T. Shandy's Life—however I thought at least it would amuse you, in a Country where *less Matters* serve.—This has taken me three Sittings—it ought to be a good picture—I'm more proud, That it is a true one. In ten Days, I shall be able to get out—my room allways full of friendly Visitors—and my rapper eternally going with Cards and enquiries after me. I sh<sup>d</sup> be glad of the Testimonies—without the Tax.

Everything convinces me, Eliza, We shall live to meet again—So—Take care of y<sup>r</sup> health, to add to the comfort of it.

*Ap. 25.* After a tolerable night I am able, Eliza, to sit up and hold a discourse with the sweet Picture thou hast left behind thee of thyself, and tell it how much I had dreaded the catastrophe, of never seeing its dear Original more in this world,—never did that Look of

sweet resignation appear so eloquent as now ; it has said more to my heart—and chear'd it up more effectually above little fears and *maybe's*—Than all the Lectures of philosophy I have strength to apply to it, in my present Debility of mind and body,—as for the latter—my men of Science, will set it properly a going again—tho' upon what principles—the Wise Men of Gotham know as much as they—If they *act right*—What is it to me, how *wrong they think*, for finding my machine a much less tormenting one to me than before, I become reconciled to my Situation, and to their Ideas of it—but don't you pity me, after all, my dearest and best of friends ? I know to what an amount thou wilt Shed over Me, this tender Tax, and 'tis the Consolation springing out of that, of what a good heart it is which pours this friendly balm on mine, That has already, and will for ever heal every evil of my Life. And what is becoming of my Eliza, all this time !—where is she sailing ?—what Sickness or other evils have befallen her ? I weep often, my dear Girl, for those my Imagination surrounds thee with—What w<sup>d</sup> be the measure of my sorrow, did I know thou wast distress'd ?—adieu, and trust, my dear friend—my dear Bramine, that there still wants nothing to kill me in a few days, but the certainty, That thou wast suffering, what I am—and yet I know thou art ill—but when thou returnest back to England, all shall be set right—so heaven waft thee to us upon the wings of Mercy—that is, as speedily as the winds and tides can do thee this friendly office. This is



the 7th day that I have tasted nothing better than Water gruel—am going, at the solicitation of Hall, to eat of a boil'd fowl—so he dines with me on it—and a dish of Macareels.

7 o'clock—I have drunk to thy Name, Eliza! peace and happiness (my toast) in the first glass of Wine I have adventured to drink. My friend has left me—and I am alone—like thee in thy solitary Cabbिन after thy return from a tasteless meal in the round house, and like thee I fly to my Journal, to tell thee, I never prized thy friendship so high, or loved thee more—or wish'd more ardently to be a Sharer of all the weights w<sup>ch</sup> Providence has laid upon thy tender frame—Than this moment—when upon taking up my pen, my poor pulse quicken'd—my pale face glowed—and tears stood ready in my Eyes to fall upon the paper, as I traced the word Eliza. O Eliza! Eliza! ever best and blessed of all thy Sex! blessed in thyself and in thy Virtues—and blessed and endearing to all who know thee—to Me, Eliza, most so; because I *know more* of thee than any other—This is the true Philtre by which Thou hast charmed me and wilt for ever charm and hold me thine, whilst Virtue and faith hold this world together: 'tis the simple Magick, by which I trust, I have won a place in that heart of thine, on w<sup>ch</sup> I depend so satisfied, That Time and distance, or change of every thing w<sup>ch</sup> might allarm the little hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine—It scorns to doubt—and scorns to be doubted—'tis the only exception—Where Security is not the parent of Danger.

My Illness will keep me three weeks longer in town—but a journey to Yorkshire in less time would be hazardous, unless a short one across the Desert w<sup>ch</sup> I should get out upon to-morrow, could I carry a Medicine with me which I was sure would prolong one Month of y<sup>r</sup> Life—or should it happen—but why make Suppositions?—when Situations happen—'tis time enough to shew thee That thy Bramin is the truest and most friendly of mortal Spirits, and capable of doing more for his Eliza, than his pen will suffer him to promise.

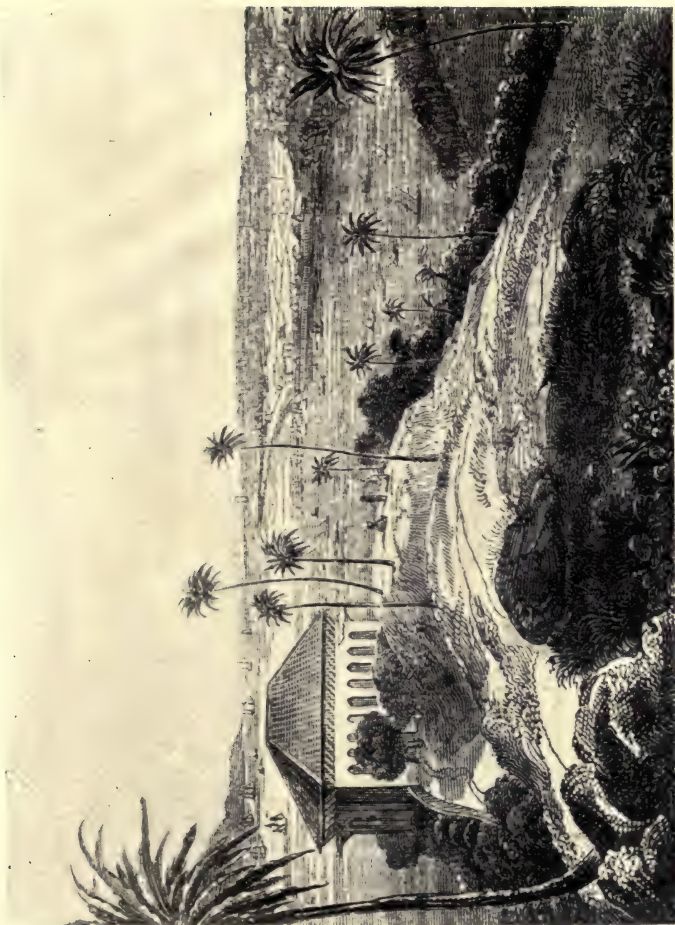
*Ap. 26.* Slept not till three this morning—was in too delicious Society to think of it; for I was all the time with thee besides me, talking over the progress of our friendship, and turning the world into a thousand Shapes to enjoy it. Got up much better for the Conversation—found myself improved in body and mind and recruited beyond anything I look'd for; My Doctors stroked their beards, and look'd ten per c<sup>t</sup> wiser upon feeling my pulse, and enquiring after my Symptoms—am still to run thro' a Course of Van Sweeten's corrosive Mercury, or rather Van Sweeten's Course of Mercury is to run thro' me—I shall be sublimated to an ethereal Substance by the time my Eliza sees me—she must be sublimated and unincorporated too, to be able to see me—but I was always transparent and a Being easy to be seen thro', or Eliza had never loved me nor had Eliza been of any other *Cast* herself, could her Bramine have held *Communion* with her. Hear every day from our worthy

sentimental friend—who rejoices to think that the Name of Eliza is still to vibrate upon Yorick's ear—this, my dear girl, many who loved me despaired of—poor Molly who is all attention to me—and every day brings in the name of Mrs. Draper, told me last night, that she and her Mistress had observed, I had never held up my head, since the Day you last dined with me, That I had seldome laugh'd or smiled—had gone to no Diversions—but twice or thrice at the most, dined out—That they thought I was broken hearted, for she never enter'd the room or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—That I neither eat or slept or took pleasure in any Thing as before, except writing.

The Observation will draw a Sigh, Eliza, from thy feeling heart—and yet, so thy heart w<sup>d</sup> wish to have it—'tis fit in truth We suffer equally—nor can it be otherwise—when the Causes of Anguish in two hearts are so proportion'd, as in ours.—Surely—Surely—Thou art mine, Eliza ! for dear have I bought thee !

*Ap. 27.* Things go better with me, Eliza ! and I shall be reestablish'd soon, except in bodily weakness ; not yet being able to rise from thy arm chair, and walk to the other corner of my room, and back to it again without fatigue—I shall double my Journey to-morrow, and if the day is warm the day after be got into my Carriage and be transported into Hyde park for the advantage of air and exercise—wast thou but besides me, I could go to Salt hill, I'm sure, and





BELVIDERE HOUSE, BOMBAY.

(See p. 169.)

*From an old print.*



feel the Journey short and pleasant. Another Time. \*\*\*\*\*—the present, alas ! is not ours. I pore so much on thy Picture—I *have it off by heart*—dear girl—oh 'tis sweet ! 'tis kind ! 'tis refreshing ! 'tis affectionate ! 'tis—thine my Bramine—I say my matins and Vespers to it—I quiet my Murmurs, by the Spirit which speaks in it—“ all will end well, my Yorick.”—I declare, my dear Bramine, I am so secured and wrapt up in this Belief That I would not part with the Imagination, of how happy I am to be with thee, for all the Offers of present Interest or Happiness the whole world could tempt me with ; in the loneliest Cottage that Love and Humility ever dwelt in, with thee along with me, I could possess more refined Content, Than in the most glittering Court, and with thy Love and fidelity, taste truer joys, my Eliza ! and make thee also partake of more, than all the senseless parade of this silly world could compensate to either of us—with this, I bound all my desires and worldly views—what are they worth without Eliza ? Jesus ! grant me but this, I will deserve it—I will make My Bramine as Happy, as Thy goodness wills her—I will be the instrument of her recompense for the sorrows and disappointments Thou hast suffer'd her to undergo, and if ever I am false, unkind or ungentle to her, so let me be dealt with by Thy Justice.

9 o'clock. I am preparing to go to bed, my dear girl, and first pray for thee, and then to Idolize thee for two wakeful hours upon my pillow—I shall after that, I find, dream all night of thee, for all the day have I done nothing



but think of thee—something tells, that thou hast this day, been employ'd exactly in the same way. Good-night, fair Soul—and may the sweet God of Sleep close gently thy eyelids—and govern and direct thy Slumbers—adieu, adieu, adieu !

*Ap. 28.* I was not deceived, Eliza ! by my presentiment that I should find thee out in my dreams ; for I have been with thee almost the whole night, alternately soothing thee, or telling thee my sorrows—I have rose up comforted and strengthened—and found myself so much better, that I ordered my Carriage, to carry me to our mutual friend—Tears ran down her cheeks when she saw how pale and wan I was—never gentle Creature sympathized more tenderly—I beseech you, cried the good Soul, not to regard either difficulties or expenses, but fly to Eliza directly—I see you will dye without her—save y<sup>r</sup>self for her—how shall I look her in the face ? What can I say to her, when on her return, I have to tell her, That her Yorick is no more !—Tell her, my dear friend, said I, That I will meet her in a better world,—and that I have left this, because I could not live without her ; tell Eliza, my dear friend, added I, That I died, broken hearted—and that you were a witness to it—as I said this, She burst into the most pathetick flood of Tears—that ever kindly Nature shed. You never beheld so affecting a scene !—'twas too much for Nature ! Oh ! she is good—I love her as my sister !—and could Eliza have been a witness, hers would have

melted down to Death and scarce have been brought back, from an Extasy so celestial and savouring of another world.—I had like to have fainted, and to that Degree was my heart and Soul affected, it was w<sup>th</sup> difficulty I could reach the Street door ; I have got home, and shall lay all day upon my Sopha—and tomorrow morning, my dear Girl, write again to thee ; for I have not strength to drag my pen.

*Ap. 29.* I am so ill today, my dear, I can only tell you so—I wish I was put into a Ship for Bombay—I wish I may otherwise hold out till the hour We might otherwise have met—I have too many evils upon me at once—and yet I will not faint under them—Come !—Come to me soon, my Eliza, and save me !

*Ap. 30.* Better today—but am too much visited and find my strength wasted by the attention I must give to all concern'd for me—I will go, Eliza, be it but by ten mile journeys, home to my thatch'd Cottage—and there I shall have no respite—for I shall do nothing but think of thee—and burn out this weak Taper of Life, by the flame thou hast superadded to it—farewell my dear \*\*\*\*—tomorrow begins a new month—and I hope to give thee in it, a more sunshiny side of myself—Heaven ! how is it with my Eliza ?—

*May 1.* Got out into the park today—Sheba there on Horseback ; pass'd twice by her without knowing her—She stop'd the 3<sup>rd</sup> time

—to ask me how I did—I w<sup>d</sup> not have asked you, Solomon! said she, but y<sup>r</sup> looks affected me—for you're half dead, I fear,—I thank'd Sheba, very kindly, but w<sup>th</sup> out any emotion but what sprung from gratitude—Love alas! was fled with thee, Eliza!—I did not think Sheba could have changed so much in grace and beauty—Thou hadst shrunk, poor Sheba, away into Nothing, but a good natured girl, without powers or charms—I fear your wife is dead: quoth Sheba—no, you don't *fear* it, Sheba, said I—Upon my word, Solomon! I would quarrel with you, was you not so ill.—If you knew the Cause of my Illness, Sheba, replied I, you w<sup>d</sup> quarrel but the more with me.—You lie, Solomon! answered Sheba, for I know the Cause already—and am so little out of Charity with You upon it—That I give you leave to come and drink Tea with me before you leave Town.—You're a good honest Creature, Sheba—No! you Rascal, I am not—but I'm in Love, as much as you can be for y<sup>r</sup> Life—I'm glad of it, Sheba! said I—You lie, said Sheba, and so canter'd away.

—O my Eliza, had I ever truly loved another (w<sup>h</sup> I never did) Thou hast long ago cut the Root of all Affection in me—and planted and watered and nourish'd it, to bear fruit only for thyself—Continue to give me proofs I have had and shall preserve the same rights over thee—my Eliza! and if I ever murmur at the sufferings of Life, after that, Let me be numbered with the ungrateful.—I look now forwards with Impatience for the day thou art to get to



Madras—and thence shall I want to hasten thee to Bombay—where heaven will make all things Conspire to lay the Basis of thy health and future happiness—be true, my dear girl, to thyself—and the rights of Self preservation which Nature has given thee—persevere—be firm—be pliant—be placid—be courteous—but still be true to thyself—and never give up y<sup>r</sup> Life,—or suffer the disquieting altercations, or small outrages you may undergo in this momentous point, to weigh a Scruple in the Ballance—Firmness—and fortitude and perseverance gain almost impossibilities—and “*Skin for skin*, saith Job, *nay all that a man has*, will he give for his Life”—Oh my Eliza ! That I could take the Wings of the Morning, and fly to aid thee in this virtuous struggle. Went to Ranelagh at 8 this night, and sat till ten—came home ill.

May 2<sup>d</sup>. I fear I have relapsed—sent afresh for my Doctor—who has confined me to my Sopha—being neither able to walk, stand or sit upright, without aggravating my Symptoms.—I’m still to be treated as if I was a Sinner—and in truth have some appearances so strongly implying it, That was I not conscious I had no Commerce with the Sex these 15 years, I would decamp to morrow for Montpellier in the South of France, where Maladies of this sort are better treated and all taints radically driven out of the Blood—than in this Country ; but if I continue being ill—I am still determined to repair there—not to undergo a Cure of a distemper I cannot have, but for the bettering my

Constitution by a better Climate.—I write this as I lie upon my back—in w<sup>h</sup> position I must continue, I fear some days—If I am able—will take up my pen again before night—

4 *o'clock*—an hour dedicated to Eliza ! for I have dined alone—and ever since the Cloath has been laid, have done nothing but call upon thy dear Name—and ask why 'tis not permitted thou shouldst sit down, and share my Macarel and fowl—there would be enough, said Molly as she plac'd it upon the Table to have served both You and poor Mrs. Draper—I never bring in the knives and forks, added she, but I think of her—There was no more trouble with you both, than w<sup>th</sup> one of You—I never heard a high or a hasty word from either of you—You were surely made, added Molly, for one another, You are both so kind, so quiet and so friendly.—Molly furnished me with Sause to my meat—for I wept my plate full, Eliza ! and now I have begun, could shed tears till supper again—and then go to bed weeping for thy absence till morning. Thou hast bewitch'd me with powers, my dear Girl, from which no power shall unlose me—and if fate can put this Journal of my Love into thy hands, before we meet, I know with what warmth it will inflame the Kindest of hearts to receive me. Peace be with thee, my Eliza, till that happy moment !—

9 *at night*—I shall never get possession of my self, Eliza ! at this rate—I want to Call off my Thoughts from thee, that I may now and then, apply them to some concerns w<sup>ch</sup> require both my attention and genius, but to no purpose—I



had a Letter to write to Lord Shelburn—and had got my apparatus in order to begin—when a Map of India coming in my Way—I begun to study the length and dangers of my Eliza's Voiage to it, and have been amusing and frightening myself by turns, as I traced the pathway of the *Earl of Chatham*, the whole afternoon—good god! what a voiage for any one!—but for the poor relax'd frame of my tender Bramine to cross the Line twice, and be subject to the Intolerant heats, and the hazards w<sup>ch</sup> must be the consequence of 'em to such an supported Being!—O Eliza! 'tis too much—And if thou conquerest these, and all the other difficulties of so tremendous an alienation from thy Country, thy Children and thy friends, 'tis the hand of Providence w<sup>ch</sup> watches over thee for most merciful purposes—Let this persuasion, my dear Eliza! stick close to thee in all thy tryals—as it shall in those thy faithful Bramin is put to—till the mark'd hour of deliverance comes. I'm going to sleep upon this religious Elixir—May the Infusion of it distil into the gentlest of hearts—for that, Eliza! is thine—Sweet, dear, faithful Girl, most kindly does thy Yorick greet thee with the wishes of a good night, and—of millions yet to come.

*May 3<sup>rd</sup>. Sunday.* What can be the matter with me! Something is wrong, Eliza, in every part of me—I do not gain strength; nor have I the feelings of health returning back to me, even my best moments seem merely the efforts of my mind to get well again, because I cannot



reconcile myself to the thoughts of never seeing thee, Eliza, more—for something is out of tune in every Chord of me—still with thee to nurse and soothe me, I should soon do well.—The Want of thee is half my distemper—but not the whole of it—I must see Mrs. James to night, tho' I know not how to get there—but I shall not sleep, if I don't talk of you to her—so shall finish this Day's Journal on my return.

*May 4.* Directed by Mrs. James how to write Over-Land to thee, my Eliza!—would gladly tear out this much of my Journal to send to thee—but the chances are too many against its getting to Bombay—or of being delivered into y<sup>r</sup> own hands—shall write a long Letter—and trust it to fate and thee. Was not able to say three words at Mrs. James, thro' utter weakness of body and mind; and when I got home—could not get up stairs w<sup>th</sup> [out] Molly's aid—have rose a little better, my dear girl, and will live for thee—do the same for thy Bramin, I beseech thee. A Line from thee now, in this state of my Dejection, would be worth a Kingdome to me!—

*May 4.* Writing by way of Vienna and Bussorah to my Eliza—this and Company took up the day.

*5th.* Writing to Eliza.—and trying *l'Extrait de Saturne* upon myself.—(a french nostrum)—

*6th.* Dined out for the 1<sup>st</sup> time—came home to enjoy a more harmonious evening w<sup>th</sup> my Eliza, than I could expect at Soho Concert—

every Thing, my dear Girl, has lost its former relish to me—and for thee eternally does it quicken ! writing to thee over Land—all day.

7. Continue poorly, my dear !—but my blood warms every mom<sup>t</sup> I think of our future Scenes—so must grow strong upon the Idea—What shall I do upon the Reality ?—O God !

8<sup>th</sup> Employ'd in writing to my Dear all day—and in projecting happiness for her—tho' in misery myself. O ! I have undergone, Eliza !—but the worst is over—(I hope)—and so adieu to these Evils, and let me hail the happiness to come.

9<sup>th</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup>. So unaccountably disorder'd—I cannot say more—but that I w<sup>d</sup> suffer ten times more and with Smiles for my Eliza—adieu, bless'd woman !—

12<sup>th</sup>. O Eliza ! That my weary head was now laid upon thy Lap—('tis all that's left for it)—or that I had thine, reclining upon my bosome, and there resting all its inquietudes,—Oh, my Bramine—the world or Yorick must perish, before that foundation shall fail thee !—I continue poorly—but I turn my Eyes Eastward the oftener, and with more earnestness for it—Great God of Mercy ! Shorten the space betwixt us,—Shorten the space of our miseries !

13<sup>th</sup>. Could not get the Gen<sup>l</sup> post office to take charge of my Letters to you—so gave thirty shillings to a Merchant to further them

to Aleppo and from thence to Bussorah—so you will receive 'em (I hope in God) say by Christmas—Surely 'tis not impossible, but I may be made as happy as my Eliza, by some transcript from her, by that time—If not, I shall hope—and hope every week, and every hour of it, for tidings of comfort—we taste not of it *now*, my dear Bramine—but we will make full meals upon it hereafter.—Cards from 7 or 8 of our Grandies to dine with them before I leave Town—Shall go like a Lamb to the Slaughter—“*Man delights not me—nor Woman.*”

14. A little better today—and would look pert if my heart would but let me—dined w<sup>th</sup> L<sup>d</sup> and Lady Bellairs,—so beset w<sup>th</sup> company—not a moment to write.

15.—Undone with too much Society yesterday—You scarce can conceive, my dear Eliza, what a poor Soul I am—how I shall be got down to Coxwould—heaven knows—for I am as weak as a child.—You would not like me the worse for it, Eliza, if you was here—My friends like me, the more,—and Swear I shew more true fortitude and evenness of temper in my Sufferings than Seneca, or Socrates—I am, my Bramine, resigned.

16. Taken up all day with worldly matters, just as my Eliza was the week before her departure—breakfasted with Lady Spencer—caught her with the Character of y<sup>r</sup> Portrait—caught her passions still more with that of y<sup>r</sup>self—and my Attachment to the most amiable of Beings.



—drove at night to Ranelagh—staid an hour—returned to my Lodgings, dissatisfied.

17. At Court—everything in this world seems in Masquerade, but thee, dear Woman— and therefore I am sick of all the world but thee—one Evening *so spent*, as the *Saturday's w<sup>ch</sup> preceeded our Separation would sicken all the Conversation of the world—I relish no Converse since*—when will the like return?—'tis hidden from us both, for the wisest ends—and the hour will come, my Eliza! when We shall be convinced, that every event has been ordered for the best for us—Our fruit is not ripened—the accidents of time and Seasons will ripen every thing *together* for Us—a little better today—or could not have wrote this. Dear Bramine, rest thy Sweet Soul in peace!

18. Laid sleepless all the night, with thinking of the many dangers and sufferings, my dear Girl! that thou art exposed to—from the Voiage and thy sad state of health—but I find I must think no more upon them—I have rose wan and trembling with the Havock they have made upon my nerves—'tis death to me to apprehend for you—I must flatter my Imagination, That every Thing goes well with You.—Surely no evil can have befallen You—for if it had—I had felt some monitory sympathetic Shock within me, w<sup>ch</sup> would have spoke like Revelation.—So farewell to all tormenting *may be's*, in regard to my Eliza—She is well—she thinks of her Yorick w<sup>th</sup> as much Affection and

true esteem as ever—and values him as much above the World, as he values his Bramine.

19. Packing up, or rather Molly for me, the whole day—tormenting ! had not Molly all the time talk'd of poor Mrs. Draper and recounted every Visit she had made me, and every repast She had shared with me—how good a Lady !—How sweet a temper !—how beautiful !—how genteel !—how gentle a Carriage—and how soft and engaging a look !—the poor girl is bewitch'd with us both—infinately interested in our Story, tho' She knows nothing of it but from her penetration and Conjectures.—She says however 'tis Impossible not to be in Love with her—In heart felt truth, Eliza ! I'm of Molly's Opinion.—

20. Taking Leave of all the Town, before my departure to-morrow.

21. Detained by Lord and Lady Spencer who had made a party to dine and sup on my acc<sup>t</sup>.

Impatient to set out for my Solitude—there the mind, Eliza ! gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself,—and seeks refuge in its own Constancy and Virtue—in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feign'd compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the Civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive—and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating—that is, Eliza ! to itself—to thee (who art my second self), to retirement, reflection, and Books—When the stream of Things, dear Bramine, Brings us

both together to this Haven—will not your heart take up its rest for ever? and will not y<sup>r</sup> head Leave the world to those who can make a better thing of it—if there are any who know how.—Heaven take thee, Eliza! under its Wing—adieu! adieu.

22<sup>nd</sup>.—Left Bond Street and London w<sup>th</sup> it, this Morning—What a Creature I am! my heart had ached this week to get away—and still was ready to bleed in quitting a Place where my Connection with my dear Eliza began—Adieu to it! till I am summon'd up to the Downs by a Message, to fly to her—for I think I shall not be able to support Town without you—and w<sup>d</sup> chuse rather, to sit solitary here till the End of the next Summer—to be made happy altogether,—than seek for happiness,—or even suppose I can have it, but in Eliza's society.

23<sup>d</sup>. Bear my journey badly—ill—and dispirited all the Way—staid two days on the road at the A-Bishop of York's—shewed his Grace and his Lady and Sister y<sup>r</sup> portrait.—w<sup>th</sup> a short but interesting Story of my friendship for the Original—Kindly nursed and honoured [by] both—arrived at my Thatched Cottage the 28<sup>th</sup> of May.

29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup>. Confined to my bed—so emaciated, and unlike what I was, I could scarce be angry with thee, Eliza, if thou could not remember me, did heaven send me across thy way—Alas! poor Yorick!—"remember



thee " ! Pale Ghost—remember thee—whilst Memory holds a seat in this distracted World—Remember thee,—Yes, from the Table of her Memory, shall just Eliza wipe away all trivial men—and leave a [*MS. cut*—throne (?)] for Yorick—adieu, dear constant Girl—adieu,—adieu—and Remember my Truth and eternal fidelity—Remember how I Love—remember What I suffer—Thou art mine, Eliza, by Purchase—had I not earn'd thee with a bitter price ?

31. Going this day upon a long course of Corrosive Mercury—w<sup>ch</sup> in itself, is deadly poyson, but given in a certain preparation, not very dangerous,—I was forced to give it up in Town, from the terrible Cholicks both in Stomach and Bowels—but the Faculty thrust it down my Throat again—These Gentry have got it into their Noddles, That mine is an *Ecclesiastick* Rheum as the french call it—God help 'em ! I submit—as my Uncle Toby did, in drinking Water, upon the wound he rec<sup>d</sup> in his groin—*Merely for quietness' sake !*

*June 1.*—The Faculty, my dear Eliza ! have mistaken my Case !—why not yrs ? I wish I could fly to you and attend you but one month as a physician—You'l Languish and dye where you are,—(if not by the climate)—most certainly by their *Ignorance of y<sup>r</sup> Case*, and the unskilful Treatment you must be a martyr to in such a place as Bombay.—I'm Languishing here myself with every Aid and help—and tho' I shall conquer it—yet have had a cruel Struggle—

w<sup>d</sup>, my dear friend, I could ease y<sup>rs</sup> either by my advice—my attention—my Labour—my purse—They are all at y<sup>r</sup> Service, such as they are—and that you know, Eliza—or my friendship for you is not worth a rush.

*June 2<sup>d</sup>.* This morning surpriz'd with a Letter from my Lydia—that She and her Mama, are coming to pay me a Visit—but on Condition I promise not to detain them in England beyond next April—when, they purpose, by my Consent, to retire into France, and establish themselves for Life—To all which I have freely given my Parole of Honour—and so shall have them with me for the Summer—from Oct<sup>r</sup> to April—they take Lodgings in York—when they Leave me for good and all I suppose.—Everything for the best! Eliza.

This unexpected visit is neither a visit of friendship or form—but 'tis a visit, such as I know you will never make me,—of pure Interest—to pillage what they can from me. In the first place to sell a small estate I have of sixty p<sup>ds</sup> a year—and lay out the purchase money in joint annuities for them in the french Funds; by this they will obtain 200 p<sup>ds</sup> a year, to be continued to the Longer Liver—and as it rids me of all future care—and moreover transfers their Income to the Kingdom where they purpose to live—I'm truly acquiescent—tho' I lose the Contingency of surviving them—but 'tis no matter—I shall have enough—and a hundred or two hundred Pounds for Eliza whenever She will honour me with putting her hand into my

Purse.—In the meantime I am not sorry for this Visit, as everything will be finally settled by it—only as their Annuity will be too strait—I shall engage to remit them a 100 Guineas a year more, during my Wife's Life—and then, I will think, Eliza, of living for myself and the Being I love so much.—But I shall be pillaged in a hundred small Items by them—w<sup>ch</sup> I have a Spirit above saying, *no*—to ; as Provisions of all sorts of Linnens—for house use, Body use—printed Linnens for Gowns—Magazeens of Teas—Plate, (all I have but 6 Silver Spoons)—In short I shall be pluck'd bare—all but of y<sup>r</sup> Portrait and Snuff Box and y<sup>r</sup> other dear Presents—and the neat furniture of my thatch'd Palace—and upon those I set up Stock again ; Eliza What say you, Eliza ! shall we join our *little Capitals together* ?—will Mr. Draper give us leave ?—he may safely—and if y<sup>r</sup> *Virtue* and Honour are only concerned,—'twould be safe in Yorick's hands, as in a Brother's—I w<sup>d</sup> not wish Mr. Draper to allow you above half I allow Mrs. Sterne—Our Capital would be too great ; and tempt us from the Society of poor Cordelia—who begins to wish for you.

By this time, I trust you have doubled the Cape of Good Hope—sat down to y<sup>r</sup> writing Drawer, and look'd in Yorick's face, as you took out y<sup>r</sup> Journal ; to tell him so—I hope he seems to smile as kindly upon you, Eliza, as ever—Y<sup>r</sup> attachment and Love for me, will make him do so to eternity—if ever he sh<sup>d</sup> change his Air, Eliza !—I charge you catechize your own Heart.—O ! 'twil never happen !—



*June 3<sup>d</sup>.* Cannot write my Travels, or give one half hour's close attention to them, upon thy Acc<sup>t</sup>, my dearest friend—Yet write I must, and what to do with you, whilst I write—I declare I know not—I want to have you ever before my Imagination—and cannot keep you out of my heart or head—In short thou enterst my Library, Eliza ! (as thou one day shalt) without tapping—or sending for—by thy own Right of ever being close to thy Bramine—now I must shut you out sometimes—or meet you, Eliza ! with an empty purse upon the Beach—pity my entanglements from other passions—my Wife with me every moment of the Summer,—think w<sup>t</sup> restraint upon a Fancy that should Sport and be in all points at its ease—O had I, my dear Bramine, this Summer, to soften—and modulate my feelings—to enrich my fancy, and fill my heart brim full with bounty—my Book would be worth the reading.

It will be by stealth if I am able to go on with my Journal at all—It will have many Interruptions—and Heyho's ! most sentimentally utter'd—Thou must take it as it pleases God.—as thou must take the Writer—eternal Blessings be about, you, Eliza ! I am a little better, and now find I shall be set right in all points—my only anxiety is about You—I want to prescribe for you My Eliza—for I think I understand y<sup>r</sup> Case better than all the Faculty. Adieu—adieu.

*June 4.* Hussy !—I have employ'd a full hour upon y<sup>r</sup> sweet sentimental Picture—and a

couple of hours upon yourself—and with as much kind friendship as the hour You left me—I deny it—Time lessens no Affections w<sup>ch</sup> honour and merit have planted—I w<sup>d</sup> give more, and hazard more now for your happiness than in any one period, since I first learn'd to esteem you—is it so with thee, my friend? has absence weaken'd my Interest—has time worn out any Impression—or is Yorick's name less musical in Eliza's ears?—my heart smites me for asking the question—'tis Treason ag<sup>st</sup> thee, Eliza, and Truth—Ye are dear Sisters,—and y<sup>r</sup> Brother Bramine can never live to see a Separation amongst Us.—What a similitude in our Trials, whilst asunder—Providence has order'd every Step better, than we could have order'd them,—for the particular good we wish each other—This you will comment upon and find the *Sense* of without my explanation.

I wish this Summer and Winter w<sup>th</sup> all I am to go through with in them, in business and labour and Sorrow, well over—I have much to compose—and much to discompose me—have my Wife's projects—and my own views arising out of them, to harmonize and turn to account—I have Millions of heart aches to suffer and reason with—and in all this Storm of Passions, I have but one small anchor, Eliza! to keep this weak Vessel of mine from perishing—I trust all I have to it—as I trust Heaven, which cannot leave me, without a fault, to perish.—May the same just Heaven, my Eliza, be that eternal Canopy w<sup>ch</sup> shall shelter thy head from evil *till we meet*—adieu—adieu—adieu.—

*June 5.* I sit down to write this day in good earnest—so read, Eliza! quietly besides me—I'll not give you a Look—except one of kindness.—dear Girl! if thou lookest so bewitching once more—I'll turn thee out of my Study—You may bid me defiance, Eliza—You cannot conceive how much and how universally I'm pitied, upon the score of this unexpected Visit from France—my friends think it will kill me—If I find myself in danger I'll fly to you to Bombay—will Mr. Draper receive me?—he ought—but he will never know what reasons make it his *Interest and Duty*.—We must leave all to that Being—who is infinitely removed above all Straitness of heart and is a friend to the friendly, as well as to the friendless.

*June 6.*—Am quite alone in the depth of that sweet Recess, I have so often described to you—'tis sweet in itself—but You never come across me—but the perspective brightens up—and every Tree and Hill and Vale and Ruin ab<sup>t</sup> me—smiles as if you was amidst 'em—delusive moments! how pensive a price do I pay for you—fancy sustains the Vision, whilst She has strength—but Eliza! Eliza is not with me! I sit down upon the first Hillock solitary as a sequester'd Bramin—I wake from my delusion to a thousand Disquietudes, which many talk of—my Eliza!—but few feel—then weary my Spirit with thinking, plotting, and projecting—and when I've brought my System to my mind—am only Doubly miserable, That I cannot execute it.



Thus—Thus, my dear Bramine, are we tost at present in this tempest—Some Haven of rest will open to us, assuredly—God made us not for Misery and Ruin—he has orderd all our Steps—and influenced our Attachments for what is worthy of them—It must end well—Eliza !

*June 7.* I have this week finish'd a sweet little apartment which all the time it was doing, I flatter'd the most delicious of Ideas, in thinking I was making it for you—'Tis a neat little simple elegant room, overlook'd only by the Sun—just big enough to hold a sopha, for us—a Table, four chairs, a Bureau—and a Book case.—They are to be all y<sup>r</sup>s, Room and all—and there, Eliza ! shall I enter ten times a day to give thee Testimonies of my Devotion—Wast thou this moment sat down, it w<sup>d</sup> be the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles—I shall enrich it, from time to time, for thee, till Fate lets me lead thee by the hand into it—and then it can want no Ornament—'tis a little oblong room—with a large Sash at the end—a little elegant fireplace—w<sup>th</sup> as much room to dine around it, as in Bond Street,—But in sweetness and Simplicity ; and silence beyond any thing—Oh my Eliza !—I shall see thee surely Goddess of this temple,—and the most sovereign one, of all I have—and of all the powers heaven has trusted me with—They were lent me, Eliza ! only for thee—and for thee, my dear girl, shall be kept and employ'd.—You know *what rights* You have over me—wish to heaven I could convey the Grant more amply than I have *done*—but 'tis the

same—'tis register'd where it will longest last—and that is in the feeling and most sincere of human hearts—You know I mean this reciprocally—and when ever I mention the Word[s] Fidelity and Truth, in Speaking of y<sup>r</sup> Reliance on mine, I always Imply the same Reliance upon the same Virtues in my Eliza. I love thee, Eliza ! and will love thee for ever Adieu—

*June 8.* Begin to recover, and sensibly to gain strength every day—and have such an appetite as I have not had for some years—I prophesy I shall be the better, for the very Accident which has occasioned my Illness—that the Medcines and Regimen I have submitted to, will make a through Regeneration of me, and th<sup>t</sup> I shall have more health and strength, than I have enjoy'd these ten Years—Send me such an Acc<sup>t</sup> of thyself Eliza, by the first sweet Gale—but 'tis impossible you sh<sup>d</sup> from Bombay—'twil be as fatal to you, as it has been to thousands of y<sup>r</sup> Sex—England and Retirement in it, can only save you—Come away.

*June 9th.* I keep a post chaise and a couple of fine horses, and take the air every day in it—I go out—and return to my Cottage, Eliza ! alone—'tis melancholly, what sh<sup>h</sup> be matter of enjoyment ; and the more so for that reason—I have a thousand things to remark and say as I roll along—but I want you to say them to—I could sometimes be wise—and often Witty—but I feel it is a reproach to be the latter whilst Eliza is so far from hearing me—What is Wis-

dome to a foolish weak heart like mine ! 'Tis like the Song of Melody to a broken Spirit—You must teach me fortitude, my dear Bramine—for with all the qualities w<sup>ch</sup> make you the most precious of Women—and most wanting of all other Women of a kind protector—yet you have a passive kind of sweet Courage w<sup>ch</sup> bears you up—more than any one Virtue I can summon up in my own case.—We were made with Tempers for each other, Eliza ! and you are bless'd with such a certain turn of mind and reflection—that if Self love does not blind me—I resemble no being in the world so nearly as I do You—do you wonder then I have such friendship for you ?—for my own part, I sh<sup>d</sup> not be astonish'd, Eliza, if you was to declare, “ You was up to the ears in Love with me.”

*June 10th.*—You are stretching over now in the Trade Winds from the Cape to Madrass—(I hope)—but I know it not, some friendly ship you possibly have met w<sup>th</sup>, and I never read an acc<sup>t</sup> of an India Man arrived—but I expect that it is the Messenger of the news my heart is upon the rack for.—I calculate, That you will arrive at Bombay by the beginning of October—by February I shall surely hear from you thence—but from Madrass sooner.—I expect you, Eliza, in person, by September—and shall scarce go to London till March—for what have I to do there, when (except printing my Books) I have no Interest or Passion to gratify—I shall return in June to Coxwoud—and there wait for the glad Tidings of y<sup>r</sup> arrival in the Downs—won't



you write to me, Eliza ! by the first Boat ?—would not you wish to be greeted by y<sup>r</sup> Yorick upon the Beech ?—or be met by him to hand you out of y<sup>r</sup> postchaise, to pay him for the Anguish he underwent, in handing you into it ?—I know your answers—my Spirit is with thee. Farewell, dear friend.

*June 11th.* I am every day negotiating to sell my little Estate besides me—to send the money into France to purchase peace to myself—and a certainty of never having it interrupted by Mrs. Sterne—who when She is sensible I have given her all I can part with—will be at rest herself—Indeed her plans to purchase annuities in France—is a pledge of Security to me—That she will live out her days there—otherwise She could have no end in transporting this two thousand pounds out of England—nor w<sup>d</sup> I consent but upon that plan—but I may be at rest ! if my imagination will but let me.—Hall says 'tis no matter where she lives ; If we are but separate, 'tis as good as if the Ocean rolled between us—and so I should argue to another man—but 'tis an Idea w<sup>ch</sup> won't do so well for me—and tho' nonsensical enough—yet I shall be most at rest when there is that Bar between Us—was I never so sure, I sh<sup>d</sup> never be interrupted by her, in England—but I may be at rest I say, on that head—for they have left all their Cloaths and plate and Linnen behind them in France—and have join'd in the most earnest Entreaty, That they may return and fix in France—to w<sup>ch</sup> I have given my word

and honour—You will be bound with me, Eliza ! I hope, for performance of my promise.—I never yet broke it in cases where Interest or pleasure could have tempted me,—and shall hardly do it now, when tempted only by misery.—In truth, Eliza ! thou art the Object to w<sup>ch</sup> every act of mine is directed—You interfere in every Project—I rise—I go to sleep with this in my Brain—how will my dear Bramine approve of this ?—w<sup>ch</sup> way will it conduce to make her happy ? and how will it be a proof of my Affection to her ? are all the Enquiries I make.—Y<sup>r</sup> Honour, y<sup>r</sup> Conduct, y<sup>r</sup> Truth and regard for my esteem, I know will equally direct every step—and movement of y<sup>r</sup> Desires—and with that Assurance is it, my dear girl, that I sustain Life,—But when will those Sweet eyes of thine, run over these Declarations ?—how—and with whom are they to be entrusted, to be conveyed to you ?—unless Mrs. James's friendship to us finds some expedient—I must wait—till the first evening I'm with You—when I shall present you w<sup>th</sup> them as a better Picture of me, that Cosway could do for you.—Have been dismally ill all day—owing to my course of medicines w<sup>ch</sup> are too strong and forcing for this gawsy Constitution of mine—I mend with them however—Good God ! how is it with you ?

*June 12.* I have return'd from a delicious walk of Romance, my Bramine, which I am to tread a thousand times over with you swinging upon my arm—'tis to my Convent—and I have pluck'd up a score Bryars by the roots w<sup>ch</sup> grew

near the edge of the footway, that they might not scratch or incommode you—had I been sure of y<sup>r</sup> taking that walk with me the very next day, I could not have been more serious in my employm<sup>t</sup>—dear Enthusiasm !—thou bringst things forward in a moment, w<sup>ch</sup> Time keeps for Ages back—I have you ten times a day besides me—I talk to you Eliza, for hours together—I take y<sup>r</sup> Council—I hear your reasons—I admire you for them !—to this magic of a warm mind, I owe all that's worth living for, during this State of our Trial—Every Trincket you gave or exchanged w<sup>th</sup> me has its force—y<sup>r</sup> Picture is y<sup>r</sup>self—all Sentiment—Softness—and Truth—It speaks—it listens—'tis convinced—it resigns—Dearest Original ! how like unto thee does it seem—and will seem—till thou makest it vanish—by thy presence—I'm but so, so—but advancing in health—to meet you—to nurse you, to nourish you ag<sup>st</sup> you come, for I fear, you will not arrive, but in a State that calls out to Yorick for support—Thou art Mistress, Eliza, of all the powers he has to sooth, and protect thee—for thou art Mistress of his heart ; his affections, and his reason—and beyond that, except a paltry purse, he has nothing worth giving thee.

*June 13.* This has been a year of presents to me—my Bramine—How many presents have I rec<sup>d</sup> from you, in the first place ? L<sup>d</sup> Spencer has loaded me with a grand Ecritoire of 40 Guineas—I am to receive this week a fourty Guinea present of a gold Snuff Box, as fine as Paris can fabricate one—with an Inscription on



it, more valuable, than the Box itself—I have a present of a portrait (which, by the by, I have immortalized in my *Sentimental Journey*) worth them both—I say nothing of a gold Stock buccle and Buttons—tho' I rate them above rubies because they were consecrated by the hand of Friendship, as She fitted them to me—I have a present of the Sculptures upon poor Ovid's Tomb, who died in Exile, tho' he wrote so well upon the Art of Love—These are in six beautiful Pictures executed on Marble at Rome—and these, Eliza, I keep sacred as ornaments for y<sup>r</sup> Cabinet, on condition I hang them up—and last of all, I have had a present, Eliza! this year, of a Heart so finely set—with such rich materials—and workmanship—That Nature must have had the chief hand in it—If I am able to keep it—I shall be a rich man:—If I lose it I shall be poor indeed—so poor! I shall stand begging at your gates.—But what can all these presents portend—That it will turn out a fortunate earnest, of what is to be given me hereafter.

*June 14.*—I want you to comfort me, my dear Bramine—and reconcile my mind to 3 months, misery—some days I think lightly of it—on others—my heart sinks down to the earth—but 'tis the last trial of Conjugal Misery—and I wish it was to begin this moment, That it might run its period the faster, for sitting as I do, expecting sorrow—is suffering it—I am going to Hall to be philosophized with for a week or ten Days on this point—but one hour with you would calm me more and furnish me with stronger

supports under this weight upon my Spirits than all the world put together—Heaven! to what distressful Encounters hast thou thought fit to expose me—and was it not, that thou hast blessed me with a cheerfulness of disposition—and thrown an Object in my Way, That is to render that Sunshine perpetual—Thy dealings with me would be a mystery.

*June 15.*—From Morning to night every mom<sup>t</sup> of this day held in Bondage at my friend L<sup>d</sup> ffauconberg's—so have but a moment left to close the day, as I do every one—with wishing thee a sweet night's rest—would I was at the feet of y<sup>r</sup> Bed—fanning breezes to you, in y<sup>r</sup> Slumbers—Mark!—you will dream of me this night—and if it is not recorded in your Journal—I'll say, you could not recollect it the day following—adieu.

*June 16.* My Chaise is so large—so high—so long—so wide—so Crawford's like, That I am building a coach house on purpose for it—do you dislike it for this gigantick size?—Now I remember, I heard you once say—You hated a small post chaise—w<sup>ch</sup> you must know determined my Choice to this—because I hope to make you a present of it—and if you are squeamish, I shall be as squeamish as you, and return you all y<sup>r</sup> presents—but one—w<sup>ch</sup> I cannot part with—and what that is—I defy you to guess. I have bought a milch Asse this afternoon—and purpose to live by Suction, to save expenses of housekeeping—and have a score or two guineas in my purse, next September.

*June 17*—I have brought y<sup>r</sup> name, Eliza ! and Picture into my work—where they will remain—when You and I are at rest for ever—Some Annotator or Explainer of my works in this place, will take occasion, to speak of the Friendship w<sup>ch</sup> subsisted so long and faithfully betwixt Yorick and the Lady he speaks of—Her name he will tell the world was Draper—a native of India—married there to a gentleman in the India Service of that Name—who brought her over to England for the recovery of her health in the year 65—where she continued to April the Year 1767. It was ab<sup>t</sup> three Months before her return to India, That our Author's acquaintance and hers began. Mrs. Draper had a thirst for knowledge—was handsome—genteel—engaging—and of such gentle dispositions and so enlightened an understanding,—That Yorick (whether he made much Opposition is not known) from an acquaintance—soon became her Admirer—they caught fire at each other at the same time—and they would often say, without reserve to the world, and without any Idea of saying wrong in it, That their affections for each other were *unbounded*.—Mr. Draper dying in the Year \*\*\*\*\*—This Lady return'd to England, and Yorick the year after becoming a widower—They were married—and returning to one of his Livings in Yorkshire, where was a most romantic situation—they lived and died happily,—and are spoke of with honour in the parish to this day.

*June 18*—How do you like the History of this



couple, Eliza?—is it to your mind?—or shall it be written better some sentimental Evening after your return—'tis a rough Sketch—but I could make it a pretty picture, as the outlines are just—we'll put our heads together and try what we can do. This last sheet has put it out of my power, ever to send you this Journal to India—I had been more guarded—but that you have often told me, 'twas in vain to think of writing by Ships w<sup>ch</sup> sail in March,—as you hoped to be upon y<sup>r</sup> return again—by their arrival at Bombay—If I can write a letter—I will—but this Journal must be put into Eliza's hands by Yorick only—God grant you to read it soon.

*June 19.* I never was so well and alert, as I find myself this day—tho' with a face as pale and clear as a Lady after her Lying in, Yet you never saw me so Young by 5 Years—If you do not leave Bombay soon—you'll find me as young as y<sup>r</sup>self—at this rate of going on—Summon'd from home. Adieu.

*June 20.* I think, my dear Bramine—That nature is turn'd upside down—for Wives go to Visit Husbands, at greater perils and take longer journies to pay them this civility nowadays out of ill will—than good—Mine is flying post a journey of a thousand miles—with as many miles to go back—merely to see how I do, and whether I am fat or lean—and how far are you going to see y<sup>r</sup> Helpmate—and at such hazards to y<sup>r</sup> Life, as few Wives' best affections w<sup>d</sup> be

able to surmount—But Duty and Submission, Eliza, govern thee—by what impulses my Rib is bent towards me—I have told you—and yet I w<sup>d</sup> to God, Draper but rec<sup>d</sup> and treated you with half the courtesy and good nature—I wish you was with him—for the same reason I wish my Wife at Coxwoud—That she might the sooner depart in peace.—She is ill—of a Diarhea which she has from a weakness in her bowels ever since her paralytic Stroke.—Travelling post in hot weather is not the best remedy for her—but my girl says—she is determined to venture.—She wrote me word in Winter, She w<sup>d</sup> not leave france, till her end approach'd—surely this journey is not prophetick! but 'twould invert the order of Things on the other side of this Leaf—and what is to be on the next Leaf—The Fates, Eliza, only can tell us—rest satisfied.

*June 21.* Have left off all medicines—not caring to tear my frame to pieces with 'em—as I feel perfectly well.—Set out for Crazy Castle to-morrow morning—where I stay ten days—take my Sentimental Voyage—and this Journal with me, as certain as the two first wheels of my Chariot—I cannot go on without them—I long to see y<sup>rs</sup>—I shall read it a thousand times over If I get it before y<sup>r</sup> arrival—What w<sup>d</sup> I now give for it—tho' I know there are *circumstances* in it, That will make my heart bleed and waste within me—but *if all blows over*—'tis enough—we will not recount our Sorrows, but to shed tears of Joy over them—O Eliza! Eliza!—Heaven nor any Being it created, never so

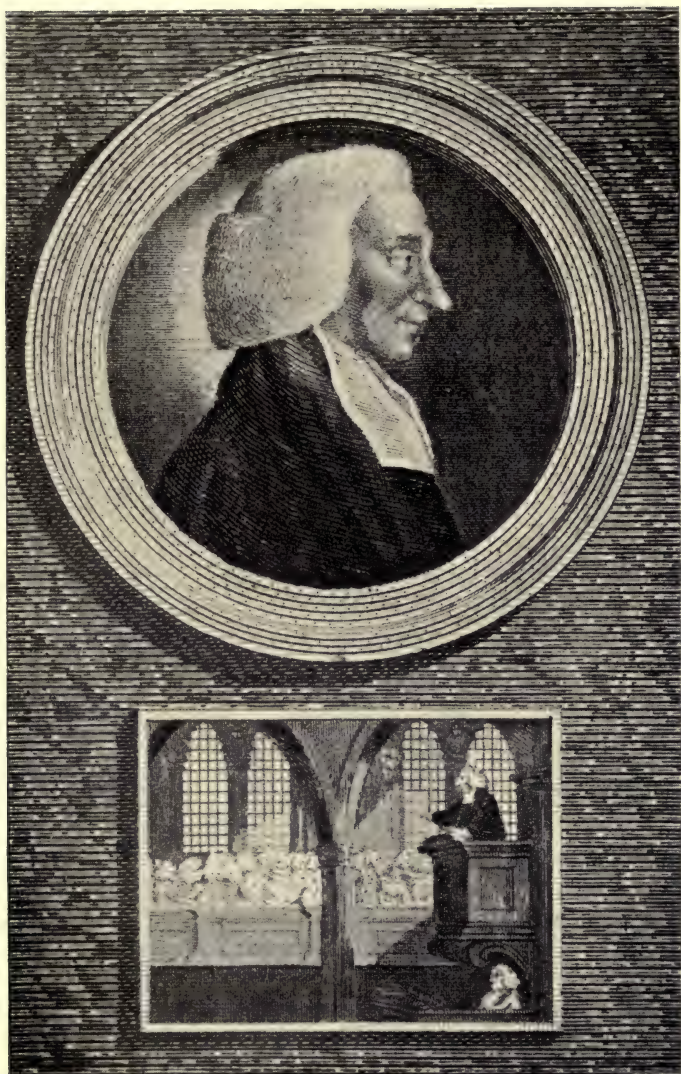
possessed a Man's heart—as thou possessest mine—use it kindly—Hussy—that is, eternally be true to it.

*June 22.* I've been as far as York today with no Soul with me in my Chase, but y<sup>r</sup> Picture—for it has a *Soul*, I think—or something like one which has talk'd to me, and been the best Company I ever took a Journey with (always excepting a Journey I took with a friend of y<sup>rs</sup> to Salt Hill, and Enfield Wash).—The pleasure I had in those Journies, have left *Impressions* upon my Mind, which will last my Life.—You may tell her as much when You see her—she will not take it ill—I set out early tomorrow morning to see Mr. Hall—but take my Journal along with me.

*June 24th*—As pleasant a Journey as I am capable of taking, Eliza! without thee—Thou shalt take it with me, when time and tide serve hereafter, and any other Journey w<sup>ch</sup> ever gave me pleasure, shall be rolled over again with thee besides me.—Arno's Vale shall look gay again upon Eliza's Visit—and the Companion of her Journey, will grow young again as he sits upon her Banks with Eliza seated besides him—I have this and a thousand little parties of pleasure—and systems of living out of the common high road, of Life, hourly working in my fancy for you—there wants only the *Dramatis Personæ* for the performance—the play is wrote—the Scenes are painted—and the Curtain is ready to be drawn up.—The whole Piece waits for thee, my Eliza.



*June 25.*—In a course of continual visits and Invitations here—Bombay Lascelles dined here today—(his wife yesterday brought to bed)—he is a poor sorry soul ! but has taken a house two miles from Crasy Castle—what a stupid, selfish, unsentimental set of Beings are the Bulk of our Sex ! by Heaven ! not one man out of 50, inform'd with feelings—or endow'd either with heads or hearts able to possess and fill the mind of such a Being as thee,—with one Vibration like its own—I never see or converse with one of my Sex—but I give this point a reflection—how w<sup>d</sup> such a creature please my Bramine ? I assure thee, Eliza, I have not been able to find one, whom I thought could please you—the turn of Sentiment with w<sup>ch</sup> I left y<sup>r</sup> Character possessed—must improve hourly upon you—Truth, fidelity, honour and Love mix'd up with Delicacy, garrantee one another—and a taste so improved as y<sup>rs</sup>, by so delicious fare, can never degenerate—I shall find you, my Bramine, if possible, more valuable and lovely than when you first caught my esteem and kindness for you—and tho' I see not this change—I give you so much credit for it—that at this moment, my heart glowes more warmly as I think of you—and I find myself more your Husband than contracts can make us—I stay here till the 29th—had intended a longer Stay—but much company and Dissipation rob me of the only comfort my mind takes, w<sup>ch</sup> is—in retirement, where I can think of you, Eliza ! and enjoy you quietly and without Interruption—'tis the way we must expect all that is to be had of *real* enjoyment



LAURENCE STERNE.

(See p. 178.)

*From an old print after a portrait by Daniel Dodd.*





in this vile world—which being miserable itself, seems so confederated ag<sup>st</sup> the happiness of the Happy, that they are forced to secure it in private—Variety must still be had ;—and that, Eliza ! and everything w<sup>th</sup> it, w<sup>ch</sup> Yorick's sense, or generosity has to furnish to one he loves so much as thee—need I tell thee—Thou wilt be as much a mistress of—as thou art eternally of thy Yorick—adieu adieu.

*June 26. Eleven at night*—out all the day—dined with a large Party—shewed y<sup>r</sup> Picture from the fullness of my heart—highly admired—alas ! said I—did you but see the Original !—good night.

*June 27. Ten in the morning*, with my Snuff open at the Top of this Sheet,—and your gentle sweet face opposite to mine, and saying “ what I write will be cordially read ”—possibly you may be precisely engaged at this very hour, the same way—and telling me some interesting story ab<sup>t</sup> y<sup>r</sup> health, y<sup>r</sup> sufferings—y<sup>r</sup> heart-aches—and other Sensations w<sup>ch</sup> friendship, absence and Uncertainty create within you. For my own part, my dear Eliza, I am a prey to every thing in its turn—and was it not for that sweet clew of hope w<sup>ch</sup> is perpetual opening me a way which is to lead me to thee thro' all this Labyrinth—was it not for this, my Eliza ! how could I find rest for this bewildered heart of mine ?—I sh<sup>d</sup> wait for you till September came—and if you did not arrive with it—sh<sup>d</sup> sicken and die.—but I will live for thee—so count me Immortal—3 India men arrived within ten days

—will none of 'em bring me Tidings of you ?—but I am foolish—but ever thine—my dear, dear Bramine.

*June 28.* O what a tormenting night have my dreams led me ab<sup>t</sup> you, Eliza—Mrs. Draper a Widow !—with a hand at Liberty to give !—and gave it to another !—She told me—I must acquiesce—it could not be otherwise—Acquiesce, cried I, waking in agonies—God be praised, cried I,—'tis a dream—fell asleep after—dream'd You was married to the Captain of the Ship—I waked in a fever—but 'twas the Fever in my blood which brought on this painful chain of Ideas—for I am ill today—and for want of more cheery Ideas, I torment my Eliza with these—whose Sensibility will suffer, if Yorick could dream but of her Infidelity ! and I suffer, Eliza, in my turn, and think myself at pres<sup>t</sup> little better than an old Woman or a Dreamer of Dreams in the Scripture Language—I am going to ride myself into better health and better fancies, with Hall—whose Castle lying near the Sea—We have a beach as even as a mirrour of 5 miles in Length ; before it, where we dayly run races in our Chaises ; with one wheel in the Sea, and the other on the Land—O Eliza, w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>t</sup> fresh ardour and impatience when I'm viewing this element, do I sigh for thy return—But I need no Memento's of my Destitution and misery for want of thee—I carry them a<sup>bt</sup> me,—and shall not lay them down—(for I worship and Idolize these tender sorrows) till I meet thee upon the Beach and present the handker-

chiefs stain'd with blood w<sup>th</sup> broke out from my heart upon y<sup>r</sup> departure.—This token of what I felt at that Crisis, Eliza, shall never, never be wash'd out. Adieu, my dear Wife—you are still mine—notwithstanding all the Dreams and Dreamers in the World.—Mr. Lascells dined w<sup>th</sup> us—Mem<sup>d</sup>.—I have to tell you a Conversation—I will not write it.

*June 29.* Am got home from Hall's—to Cox-would—O 'tis a delicious retreat! both from its beauty, and air of solitude; and so sweetly does every thing ab<sup>t</sup> it invite y<sup>r</sup> mind to rest from its Labours and be at peace with itself and the world--That 'tis the only place, Eliza, I could live in at this Juncture—I hope one day, you will like it as much as your Bramine—It shall be decorated and made more worthy of you—by the time fate encourages me to look for you—I have made you, a sweet Sitting Room (as I told you) already—and am projecting a good Bed-chamber adjoining it, with a pretty dressing-room for You, which connects them together, and when they are finish'd will be as sweet a set of romantic apartments, as you ever beheld—the Sleeping room will be very large—The dressing room, thro' w<sup>th</sup> you pass into y<sup>r</sup> Temple, will be little,—but Big enough to hold a dressing Table—a couple of chairs, with room for y<sup>r</sup> Nymph to stand at her ease both behind and on either side of you—w<sup>th</sup> spare Room to hang a dozen petticoats, gowns, etc.—and Shelves for as many Band boxes—y<sup>r</sup> little Temple I have described—and what it will hold



—but if it ever holds You and I, my Eliza—the Room will not be too little for us—but We shall be *too big* for the Room.

*June 30*—'Tis now a quarter of a year (wanting 3 days) since you sail'd from the Downs.—in one month more—You will be (I trust) at Madras—and there you will stay I suppose 2 long long months; before you set out for Bombay—'Tis there I shall count to hear from you, most impatiently—because the most interesting Letters must come from Eliza when she is there—at present, I can hear of y<sup>r</sup> health, and tho' that of all acc<sup>ts</sup> affects me most—Yet still I have hopes taking their rise from that—and those are—What impressions you can make upon Mr. Draper, towards setting you at Liberty, and leaving you to pursue the best measures for y<sup>r</sup> preservation—and these are points, I w<sup>d</sup> go to Aleppo, to know certainly; I have been possess'd all day and night with an opinion, That Draper will change his behaviour totally towards you—That he will grow friendly and caressing—and as he knows y<sup>r</sup> Nature is easily to be won with gentleness he will practise it to turn you from y<sup>r</sup> purpose of quitting him—In short when it comes to the point of y<sup>r</sup> going from him to England, it will have so much the face, if not the reality, of an alienation on y<sup>r</sup> side from India for ever, as a place you cannot live at—that he will part with you by no means, that he can prevent.—You will be cajolled, my dear Eliza, thus out of y<sup>r</sup> Life—but what serves it to write this, unless means be found for

you to read it—If you come not—I will take the Safest Cautions I can to have it got to you—and risk every thing, rather than you should not know how much I think of You—and how much stronger hold You have got of me, than ever.—Dillon has obtain'd his fair Indian—and has this post wrote a kind Letter of enquiry after Yorick and his Bramine—he is a good Soul—and interests himself much in our fate—I have wrote him a whole sheet of paper ab<sup>t</sup> us—it ought to have been copied into this Journal—but the uncertainty of y<sup>r</sup> ever reading it, makes me omit that, with a thousand other things, which, when we meet, shall beguile us of many a long winter's night—*those precious Nights!*—my Eliza!—You rate them as high as I do—and look back upon the manner the hours glided over our heads in them, with the same Interest and Delight as the Man you *spent them with*.—They are all that remains to us—except the *Expectation* of their return—the space between us is a dismal Void—full of doubts, and suspense—Heaven and its Kindest Spirits, my dear, rest over y<sup>r</sup> thoughts by day—and free them from all disturbance at night—adieu—adieu, Eliza!—I have got over this Month—so farewell to it, and the sorrows it has brought with it—the next month, I prophesy will be worse.

*July 1.*—But who can foretell what a month may produce—Eliza—I have no less than seven different chances—not one of w<sup>ch</sup> is improbable—and any one of would set me much at

Liberty—and some of 'em render me completely happy—as they w<sup>d</sup> facilitate and open the road to thee—What these chances are I leave thee to conjecture, my Eliza—some of them you cannot divine—tho' I once hinted them to You—but these are pecuniary chances arising out of my Prebend—and so not likely to stick in thy brain—nor could they occupy mine a moment, but on thy acc<sup>t</sup>. . . . I hope before I meet thee, Eliza, on the Beach, to have every thing plann'd that depends on me properly—and for what depends upon Him who orders every Event for us, to Him I leave and trust it—We shall be happy at last, I know—'tis the Corner Stone of all my Castles—and 'tis all I bargain for. I am perfectly recover'd—or more than recover'd—for never did I feel such Indications of health or Strength and promptness of mind—notwithstanding the Cloud hanging over me, of a Visit—and all its tormenting consequences—Hall has wrote an affecting little poem upon it—the next time I see him, I will get it, and transcribe it in this Journal, for You. He has persuaded me to trust her with no more than fifteen hundred pounds into France—'twil purchase 150 p<sup>ds</sup> a year—and to let the rest come annually from myself, the advise is wise enough, If I can get her off with it—I'll summon up the Husband a little (if I can) and keep the 500 p<sup>ds</sup> remaining for emergencies—Who knows, Eliza, what sort of Emergencies may cry out for it—I conceive some—and you, Eliza, are not backward in Conception—so may conceive others. *I wish I was in Arno's Vale!*—



*July 2nd.*—But I am in the Vale of Coxwould and wish you saw in how princely a manner I live in it—'tis a Land of Plenty—I sit down alone to Venison, fish or Wild fowl—or a couple of fowls—with Curds, and Strawberrys and Cream and all the simple clean plenty w<sup>ch</sup> a rich Vally can produce—with a Bottle of wine on my right hand (as in Bond Street) to drink y<sup>r</sup> health—I have a hundred hens and chickens ab<sup>t</sup> my yard—and not a parishoner catches a hare, a rabbit or a trout—but he brings it as an Offering—In short 'tis a golden Vally—and will be the golden Age when You govern the rural feast, my Bramine, and are the Mistress of my table, and spread it with elegancy and that natural grace and bounty w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> heaven has distinguish'd You.

Time goes on slowly—every thing stands still—hours seem days and days seem Years whilst you lengthen the Distance between us—from Madras to Bombay—I shall think it shortening—and then desire and expectation will be upon the rack again—come—come.

*July 3<sup>d</sup>.*—Hail! Hail! my dear Eliza—I steal something every day from my Sentimental Journey—to obey a more sentimental impulse in writing to you—and giving you the present Picture of myself—my wishes—my Love, my sincerity—my hopes—my fears—tell me, have I varied in any one Lineament, from the first Sitting—to this last—have I been less warm—less tender and affectionate than you expected or could have wish'd me in any one of 'em—or,

however varied in the expressions of what I was and what I felt, have I not still presented the same air and face towards thee?—take it as a Sample of what I ever shall be—My dear Bramine—and that is—such as my honour, my Engagements, and promises and desires have fix'd me—I want You to be on the other side of my little table, to hear how sweetly y<sup>r</sup> Voice will be in Unison to all this—I want to hear what You have to say to y<sup>r</sup> Yorick upon this Text—What heavenly Consolation w<sup>d</sup> drop from y<sup>r</sup> Lips, and how pathetically you w<sup>d</sup> enforce y<sup>r</sup> Truth and Love upon my heart to free it from every aching doubt.—Doubt! did I say—but I have none—and as soon w<sup>d</sup> I doubt the Scriptures I have preach'd on—as question thy promises, or suppose one Thought in thy heart during thy absence from me, unworthy of my Eliza.—for if thou art false, my Bramine—the whole world—and Nature itself are lyars—and I will trust to nothing on this side of heaven—but turn aside from all Commerce with expectation,—and go quietly on my way alone towards a State where no disappointments can follow me—you are grieved when I talk thus; it implies what does not exist in either of us—so cross it out, if thou wilt—or leave it as a part of the picture of a heart that again Languishes for Possession—and is disturbed at every Idea of its Uncertainty.—So heaven bless thee—and ballance thy passions better than I have power to regulate mine—farewel, my dear Girl—I sit in dread of tomorrow's post which is to bring me an acc<sup>t</sup> when *Madame* is to arrive.

*July 4th.*—Hear nothing of her—so am tortured from post to post, for I wrote to know certainly *the day and hour of this Judgment*—She is moreover ill, as my Lydia writes me word—and I'm impatient to know whether 'tis that—or what other Cause detains her, and keeps me in this vile state of Ignorance—I'm pitied by every Soul, in proportion as her Character is detested—and her Errand known—She is coming, every one says to fleece poor Yorick or slay him—and I am spirited up by every friend I have to sell my Life dear, and fight valiantly in defence both of my property and Life—Now my Maxim, Eliza, is quietly in three \*—"Spare my Life, and take all I have."—If She is not content to decamp with that—One kingdome shall not hold us—for If she will not betake herself to France—I will. But these, I verily believe my fears and nothing more—for she will be as impatient to quit England—as I could wish her—but of this—you will know more, before I have gone thro' this Month's Journal—I get 2,000 pounds for my Estate—that is, I had the Offer this morning of it—and think 'tis enough—when that is gone—I will begin saving for thee—but in Saving myself for thee, That and every other kind Act is implied.

Get on slowly with my Work—but my heart is too full of other Matters—yet will I finish it before I see London—for I am of too scrupulous honour to break faith with the world—great Authors make no scruple of it—but if

\* Evidently this should read, "is quickly wrote in three words."



they are great Authors—I'm sure they are little Men.—and I'm sure also of another Point w<sup>ch</sup> concerns y<sup>r</sup>self—and that is, Eliza, that you shall never find me one hair breadth a less man than you [*erasure*]  
—farewell—I love thee eternally—

*July 5.* Two Letters from the South of France by this post, by which, by some fatality, I find not one of my Letters have got to them this month—This gives me Concern—because it has the Aspect of an unseasonable unkindliness in me—to take no notice, of what has the appearance at least of a Civility in desiring to pay me a Visit—My daughter besides has not deserved ill of me—and tho' her mother has, I w<sup>d</sup> not ungenerously take that Opportunity, which would most overwhelm her, to give any mark of my resentment—I have besides long since forgiven her—and am the more inclined now as she proposes a plan, by which I shall never more be disquieted—in these 2 last, she renews her request to have leave to live where she has transferr'd her fortune—and purposes, with my leave she says, to end her days in the South of france—to all which I have just been writing her a Letter of Consolation and good will—and to crown my professions, intreat her to take post with my girl to be here time enough to enjoy York races—and so having done my duty to them—I continue writing, to do it to thee, Eliza, who art the *Woman of my heart*, and for whom I am ordering and planning this, and every thing else—be assured, my Bramine, that

ere everything is ripe for our Drama, I shall work hard to fit out and decorate a little Theatre for us to act on—but not before a crowded house—no, Eliza—it shall be as secluded as the elysian fields—retirement is the nurse of Love and kindness—and I will Woo and caress thee in it in such sort, that every thicket and grotto we pass by, shall sollicit the remembrance of the mutual pledges We have exchanged of Affection with one another—Oh! these expectations—make me sigh, as I recite them—and many a heartfelt Interjection! do they cost me, as I saunter alone in the tracks we are to tread together hereafter—Still I think thy heart is with me—and whilst I think so, I prefer it to all the Society this world can offer—and 'tis in truth, my dear, owing to this—That tho' I've rec<sup>d</sup> half a dozen Letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough—that I've found pretences not to quit you *here*—and sacrifice the many sweet Occasions I have of giving my thoughts up to You, for Company I cannot relish *since I have tasted*, my dear Girl, the *sweets of thine*.

*July 6*—Three long Months and three long days are passed and gone, since my Eliza sighed on taking her Leave of Albion's cliffs, and of all in Albion, which was dear to her—How oft have I smarted at the Idea, of that last longing Look by w<sup>ch</sup> thou badest adieu to all thy heart suffered at that dismal Crisis—'twas the Separation of Soul and Body—and equal to nothing but what passes on that tremendous Moment—

and like it in one Consequence, that thou art in another World ; where I w<sup>d</sup> give a world, to follow thee, or hear even an Acc<sup>t</sup> of thee—for this I shall write in a few days to our dear friend Mrs. James—she possibly may have heard a single Syllable or two ab<sup>t</sup> You—but it cannot be ;—the same must have been directed towards Yorick's ear, to whom you w<sup>d</sup> have wrote the Name of *Eliza*, had there been no time for more. I w<sup>d</sup> almost now compound w<sup>th</sup> Fate,—and was I sure Eliza only breath'd—I w<sup>d</sup> thank heaven and acquiesce. I kiss yr Picture—your Shawl—and every trinket I exchanged with You—every day I live—Alas ! I shall soon be debarr'd of that—in a fortnight I must lock them up and clap my seal and y<sup>rs</sup> upon them in the most secret Cabinet of my Bureau—You may divine the reason, Eliza ! adieu—adieu !

*July 7.*—But not yet—for I will find means to write to you every night whilst my people are here—if I sit up till midnight, till they are asleep—I should not dare to face you, If I was worse than my word in the smallest Item—and this Journal I promised you, Eliza, should be kept without a chasm of a day in it, and had I my time to myself and nothing to do, but gratify my propensity—I sh<sup>d</sup> write from sun rise to sun set to thee—But a Book to write—a Wife to receive and make Treaties with—an estate to sell—a Parish to superintend—and a disquieted heart perpetually to reason with, are eternal calls upon me—and yet I have you more in my mind than ever—and in proportion



as I am thus torn from y<sup>r</sup> embraces—I *cling the closer to the Idea of You*—Your Figure is ever before my eyes—the sound of y<sup>r</sup> voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear—I can see and hear nothing but my Eliza, remember this, when you think my Journal too short, and compare it not with thine, w<sup>ch</sup>, tho' it will exceed it in length, can do no more than equal it in Love and truth of esteem—for esteem thee I do beyond all the powers of eloquence to tell thee how much—and I love thee, my dear Girl, and prefer thy Love to me, more than the whole world.

*Night.*—Have not eat or drunk all day thro' vexation of heart at a couple of ungrateful unfeeling Letters from that Quarter, from whence, had it pleased God, I should have lookd for all my Comforts—but he has will'd they sh<sup>d</sup> come from the east—and he knows how I am satisfyed with all his Dispensations—but with none, my dear Bramine, so much as this—with w<sup>ch</sup> Cordial upon my Spirits—I go to bed, in hopes of seeing thee in my Dreams.

*July 8th*—Eating my fowl, and my trouts and my cream and my strawberries, as melancholly and sad as a Cat, for want of you—by the by, I have got one which sits quietly besides me, purring all day to my sorrows—and looking up gravely from time to time in my face, as if she knew my Situation—how soothable my heart is, Eliza, when such little things sooth it! for in some pathetic sinkings I feel even some support from this poor Cat—I attend to her purrings

—and think they harmonize me—they are *pianissimo* at least, and do not disturb me—poor Yorick! to be driven, w<sup>th</sup> all his sensibilities, to these resources—all powerful Eliza, that has had this Magic<sup>l</sup> authority over him, to bend him thus to the dust—But I'll have my revenge, Hussy!

*July 9.* I have been all day making a sweet Pavillion in a retired Corner of my garden—but my Partner and Companion and friend for whom I make it, is fled from me, and when she returns to me again, Heaven who first brought us together, best knows—When that hour is fore-known what a Paradise will I plant for thee—till then I walk as Adam did whilst there was no help-meet found for it, and could almost wish a deep Sleep would come upon me till that Moment When I can say as he did—“*Behold the Woman Thou hast given me for Wife.*” She shall be call'd La Bramine. Indeed, Indeed, Eliza! My Life will be little better than a dream, till we approach nearer to each other—I live scarce conscious of my existence—or as if I wanted a vital part; and could not live above a few hours, and yet I live, and live, and live on, for thy Sake, and the Sake of thy truth to me, which I measure by my own,—and I fight ag<sup>st</sup> every evil and every danger, that I may be able to support and shelter thee from danger and evil also.—Upon my word, dear Girl, thou owest me much—but 'tis cruel to dun thee when thou art not in a condition to pay—I think Eliza has not run off in her Yorick's debt.

*July 10.* I cannot suffer you to be longer upon the Water—in 10 days time you shall be at Madrass—the element rolls in my head as much as y<sup>rs</sup>, and I am sick at the sight and the smell of it—for all this, my Eliza, I feel in Imagination and so strongly, I can bear it no longer—On the 20th therefore Ins<sup>t</sup> I begin to write to you as a terrestrial Being—I must deceive myself—and think so I will notwithstanding all that Lascelles has told me—but there is no truth in him.—I have just kissed y<sup>r</sup> picture—even that soothes many an anxiety—I have found out the Body is too little for the head—it shall not be rectified till I sit by the Original, and direct the Painter's Pencil and that done, we'll take a Scamper to *Enfield* and see y<sup>r</sup> dear children—if You tire by the way, there are *one or two* places to rest at.—I never stand out. God bless thee. I am thine as *ever*.

*July 11.*—Sooth me—calm me—pour thy healing Balm, Eliza, into the sorest of hearts—I'm pierced with the Ingratitude and unquiet Spirit of a restless unreasonable Wife whom neither gentleness or generosity can conquer. She has now entered upon a new plan of waging War with me, a thousand miles off—thrice a week this last month, has the quietest man under heaven been outraged by her Letters—I have offer'd to give her every Shilling I was worth, except my preferment, to be let alone and left in peace by her—Bad Woman! Nothing must now purchase this, unless I borrow 400 p<sup>ds</sup> to give her and carry into france more



—I w<sup>d</sup> perish first, my Eliza ! ere I would give her a shilling of another man's w<sup>ch</sup> I must do if I give her a shill<sup>g</sup> more than I am worth.—

How I now feel the want of thee ! my dear Bramine—my generous unworldly honest Creature—I shall die for want of thee for a thousand reasons—every emergency and every Sorrow each day brings along with it—tells me what a Treasure I am bereft of,—whilst I want thy friendship and Love to keep my head up from sinking—God's will be done, but I think she will send me to my grave—she will now keep me in torture till the end of Sept<sup>r</sup>.—and writes me word today—she will delay her Journey two months beyond her 1<sup>st</sup> Intention—it keeps me in eternal suspense all the while—for she will come unaware at last upon me—and then adieu to the dear sweets of my retirement.

How cruelly are our Lots drawn, my dear—both made for happiness—and neither of us made to taste it ! In feeling so acutely for my own disappointment—I drop blood for thine, I call thee in, to my Aid—and thou wantest mine as much—Were we together we sh<sup>d</sup> recover—but never, never till then *nor by any other Recipe.*

*July 12.* Am ill all day with the Impressions of Yesterday's account—can neither eat or drink or sit still and write or read—I walk like a disturbed Spirit ab<sup>t</sup> my Garden—calling upon heaven and thee,—to come to my Succour—couldst thou but write one word to me, it would be worth half the world to me—my friends write

me millions—and every one invites me to flee from my Solitude and come to them—I obey the commands of my friend Hall who has sent over on purpose to fetch me—or he will come himself for me—so I set off tomorrow morning to take Sanctuary in Crasy Castle—The newspapers have sent me there already by putting in the following paragraph :

“ We hear from Yorkshire, That Skelton Castle is the present Rendezvous, of the most brilliant Wits of the Age—the admired Author of Tristram—Mr. Garrick etc. being there, and Mr. Coleman and many other men of Wit and Learning being every day expected ”—when I get there, w<sup>ch</sup> will be to morrow night, My Eliza will hear from her Yorick—her Yorick—who loves her more than ever.

*July 13.* Skelton Castle. Your picture has gone round the table after supper—and y<sup>r</sup> health after it, my invaluable friend !—even the Ladies, who hate grace in another, seem'd struck with it in You—but Alas ! you are as a dead Person—and Justice (as in all such Cases) is paid you in Course—when thou returnest it will be render'd more sparingly—but I'll make up all deficiencies by honouring You more than ever Woman was honoured by man—every good Quality that ever heart possess'd—thou possessest, my dear Girl, and so sovereignly does thy temper and sweet sociability, which harmonize all thy other properties—make me thine, that whilst thou art true to thyself and thy Bramin—he thinks thee worth a world—

and w<sup>d</sup> give a world was he master of it, for the undisturbed possession of thee—Time and Chance are busy throwing the Die for me—a fortunate Cast, or two, at the most, makes our fortune—it gives us each other—and then for the world—I will not give a pinch of Snuff.—Do take care of thyself—keep this prospect before thy eyes—have a view to it in all y<sup>r</sup> Transactions, Eliza,—In a word Remember you are mine—and stand answerable for all you say and do to me—I govern myself by the same Rule—and such a History of myself can I lay before you, as shall create no blushes, but those of pleasure—’tis midnight—and so sweet sleep to thee the remaining hours of it. I am more thine, my dear Eliza! than ever—but that cannot be.

*July 14.* Dining and feasting all day at Mr. Turner’s—his Lady a fine woman herself, in love w<sup>th</sup> your picture—O my dear Lady, cried I, did you but know the Original—but what is she to you, Tristram—nothing; but that I am in Love with her—et cetera — — — said She—no I have given over dashes—replied I— —I verily think, my Eliza, I shall get this Picture set, so, as to wear it, as I first purposed—ab<sup>t</sup> my neck—I do not like the place ’tis in—it shall be nearer my heart—Thou art ever in its centre—good night.

*July 15.* From home (Skelton Castle) from eight in the morning till late at supper—I seldom have put thee so off, my dear girl—and yet tomorrow will be as bad—



*July* 16. for Mr. Hall has this Day left his Crasy Castle to come and sojourn with me at Shandy Hall for a few days—for so they have long christened our retired Cottage—we are just arrived at it,—and whilst he is admiring the premises—I have stole away to converse a few minutes with thee, and in thy own dressing room—for I make every thing thine and call it so, beforehand, that thou art to be mistress of hereafter. The *Hereafter*, Eliza, is but a melancholy term—but the Certainty of its coming to us, brightens it up—pray do not forget my prophecy in the Dedication of the Almanack—I have the utmost faith in it myself—but by what impulse my mind was struck with 3 Years—heaven whom I believe its Author, best knows—but I shall see y<sup>r</sup> face before—but that I leave to You—and to the Influence such a Being must have over all inferior ones.—We are going to dine with the Arch Bishop to morrow—and from thence to Harrogate for three days, Whilst thou, dear Soul, are pent up in Sultry nastiness—without Variety or change of face or Conversation—Thou shalt have enough of both when I cater for thy happiness, Eliza—and if an Affectionate husband and 400 p<sup>ds</sup> a year in a sweeter Vally than that of Jehosophat will do—less thou shalt never have—but I hope more—and were it millions, 'tis the same—'twould be laid at thy feet—Hall is come in in raptures with every thing—and so I shut up my Journal for today and tomorrow for I shall not be able to open it where I go—adieu, my dear Girl.

18. Was yesterday all the day with our A. Bishop—this good Prelate, who is one of our most refined Wits—and the most of a gentleman of our order—oppresses me with his kindness—he shews in his treatment of me, what he told me upon taking my Leave—that he loves me, and has a high Value for me his Chaplains tell me, he is perpetually talking of me—and has such an opinion of my head and heart that he begs to stand Godfather for my next Literary production—so has done me the hon<sup>r</sup> of putting his name in a List which I am most proud of because my Eliza's name is in it.—I have just a moment to scrawl this to thee, being at York—where I want to be employed in taking you a little house, where the prophet may be accommodated with a *Chamber in the Wall apart, with a stool and a Candlestick*—where his Soul can be at rest from the distractions of the world, and lean only upon his kind hostesse, and repose all his Cares, and melt them *along with hers* in her sympathetic bosom.

*July* 19. Harrogate Spaws.—drinking the waters here till the 26th—to no effect, but a cold dislike of every one of your sex—I did nothing, but make comparisons betwixt thee, my Eliza, and every woman I saw and talk'd to—thou hast made me so unfit for every one else—that I am thine as much from necessity, as Love—I am thine by a thousand sweet ties, the least of which shall never be relax'd—be assured, my dear Bramine, of this—and repay me in so doing, the Confidence I repose in thee—

y<sup>r</sup> absence, y<sup>r</sup> distresses, your sufferings, your conflicts, all make me rely but the more upon that fund in you, w<sup>ch</sup> is able to sustain so much weight—Providence I know will relieve you from one part of it—and it shall be the pleasure of my days to ease, my dear friend of the other—I Love thee, Eliza, more than the heart of Man ever loved Woman's—I even love thee more than I did, the day thou badest me farwel!—Farewell!—Farewell! to thee again.—I'm going from hence to York Races.

*July 27.* Arrived at York—where I had not been 2 hours before my heart was overset with a pleasure w<sup>ch</sup> beggared every other, that fate could give me—save thyself—It was thy dear Packets from Iago.\* I cannot give vent to all the emotions I felt even before I opened them—for I knew thy hand—and my seal—w<sup>ch</sup> was only in thy possession.—O 'tis from my Eliza, said I.—I instantly shut the door of my Bed-chamber, and ordered myself to be denied—and spent the whole evening, and till dinner the next day, in reading over and over again the most interesting acc<sup>t</sup> and the most endearing one, that ever tried the tenderness of man—I read and wept—and wept and read till I was blind—then grew sick, and went to bed—and in an hour called again for the candle—to read it once more—as for my dear Girl's pains and her dangers I cannot write ab<sup>t</sup> them—because I cannot write my feelings or express them any how to my mind.—O Eliza! but I will talk them over with

\* Santiago.



thee with a sympathy that shall woo thee, so much better than I have ever done—That we will both be gainers in the end—*I'll love thee for the dangers thou hast past*—and thy Affection shall go hand in hand w<sup>th</sup> me, because I'll pity thee, as no man ever pitied Woman—but Love like mine is never satisfied—else y<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> letter from Iago—is a Letter so warm, so simple, so tender! I defy the world to produce such another—by all that is kind and gracious! I will entreat thee Eliza! so kindly—that thou shalt say, I merit much of it—nay all—for my merit to thee, is my truth.

I now want to have this week of nonsensical Festivity over—that I may get back, with thy picture w<sup>ch</sup> I ever carry ab<sup>t</sup> me—to my retreat and to Cordelia—when the days of our Afflictions are over, I oft amuse my fancy, w<sup>th</sup> an Idea, that thou wilt come down to me by Stealth, and hearing where I have walk'd out to—surprize me some sweet moonshiny Night at Cordelia's grave,—and catch me in thy arms over it—O my Bramin! my Bramin!

*July 31.*—Am tired to death with the hurrying pleasures of these Races—I want still and *silent* ones—so return home tomorrow, in search of them—I shall find them as I sit contemplating over thy passive picture; sweet Shadow of what is to come! for 'tis all I can now grasp—first and best of Womankind! remember me, as I remember thee—'tis asking a great deal, my Bramine! but I cannot be satisfied with less—farewell—fare happy till fate will let me cherish

thee myself.—O my Eliza ! thou writest to me with an Angel's pen—and thou wouldst win me by thy Letters, had I never seen thy face, or known thy heart.

*Aug<sup>st</sup> 1st*—What a sad Story thou hast told me of thy sufferings and Despondences, from S<sup>t</sup> Iago, till thy meeting w<sup>th</sup> the Dutch ships—'twas a sympathy above Tears—I trembled every nerve as I went from line to line—and every moment the acc<sup>t</sup> comes across me—I suffer all I felt, over and over again—will providence suffer all this anguish without end—and without pity?—“*it no can be*”—I am tried, my dear Bramine, in the furnace of Affliction as much as thou—by the time we meet, we shall be fit only for each other—and should cast away upon any other Harbour.

*Aug<sup>st</sup> 2.* My wife—uses me most unmercifully—every Soul advises me to fly from her—but where can I fly If I fly not to thee ? The Bishop of Cork and Ross has made me great offers in Ireland—but I take no step without thee—and till heaven opens us some track—He is the best of feeling tender hearted men—knows our Story—sends you his Blessing—and says if the Ship you return in touches at Cork (w<sup>ch</sup> many India men do)—he will take you to his palace, till he can send for me to join you—he only hopes, he says, to join us together for ever—but more of this good man, and his attachment to me—hereafter and of a couple of Ladies in the family etc. etc.

*Aug<sup>st</sup> 3.* I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here (but sweet Cordelia's Parish is not one of 'em) for a living of 350 p<sup>ds</sup> a year in Surry ab<sup>t</sup> 30 miles from London—and retaining Coxwould and my Prebendaryship—w<sup>ch</sup> are half as much more—the Country also is sweet—but I will not—I cannot take any step unless I had thee, my Eliza, for whose sake I live, to consult w<sup>th</sup>—and till the road is open for me as my heart wishes to advance—with thy sweet light Burden in my Arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without thee I feel Lifeless—and if a Mitre was offer'd me, I would not have it, till I could have thee too, to make it sit easy upon my brow—I want kindly to smooth thine, and not only wipe away thy tears but dry up the Source of them for ever.

—*Aug<sup>st</sup> 4.*—Hurried backwards and forwards ab<sup>t</sup> the arrival of Madame, this whole week—and then farewell I fear to this Journal—till I get up to London—and can pursue it as I wish—at present—all I can write would be but the History of my miserable feelings—She will be ever present—and if I take up my pen for thee—something will Jarr within me as I do it—that I must lay it down again—I will give you one gen<sup>l</sup> acc<sup>t</sup> of all my sufferings together—but not in Journals—I shall set my wounds a-bleeding every day afresh by it—and the Story cannot be too short—so worthiest, best, kindest and [most] affect<sup>te</sup> of Souls farewell—every moment will I have thee present—and sooth my



sufferings with the looks my fancy shall cloath thee in—Thou shalt lye down and rise up with me—ab<sup>t</sup> my bed and ab<sup>t</sup> my paths, and shalt see out all my Ways—adieu—adieu—and remember one eternal truth, My dear Bramine, w<sup>ch</sup> is not the worse, because I have told it thee a thousand times before—That I am thine—and thine only and for ever

L. STERNE.

*Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>.* All, my dearest Eliza, has turnd out more favourable than my hopes—Mrs. S—— and my dear girl have been 2 months with me and they have this day left me to go to spend the Winter at York, after having settled every thing to their hearts' content—Mrs. Sterne retires into france, whence she purposes not to stir, till her death—and never, has she vow'd, will give me another sorrowful or discontented hour—I have conquered her, as I w<sup>d</sup> every one else, by humanity and generosity—and she leaves me, more than half in Love with me—She goes into the South of france, her health being insupportable in England—and her age, as she now confesses ten years more, than I thought—being on the edge of sixty—so God bless—and make the remainder of her Life happy—in order to w<sup>ch</sup> I am to remit her three hundred guineas a year—and give my dear Girl two thousand p<sup>ds</sup>—w<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>th</sup> all Joy, I agree to,—but 'tis to be sunk into an annuity in the french Loans—

And now, Eliza ! Let me talk to thee—But what can I say, what can I write—but the

yearnings of heart wasted with looking and wishing for thy Return—Return—Return! my dear Eliza! May heaven smooth the Way for thee to send thee safely to us, and Joy for Ever.

## CHAPTER XXI\*

### STERNE WRITES HIS LAST BOOK

(1767)

Sterne ill at the time of Mrs. Draper's departure—Letters to his daughter and the Jameses—His illness, and his partial recovery—Social gaieties—Letters to Lord Shelburne, etc.—Return to Coxwold—Stays *en route* with the Archbishop of York—Letters written at Coxwold to Sancho, the Jameses, and Panchaud—Sterne receives a letter from Mrs. Draper—His wife and daughters about to visit him—Letters to Hall, his daughter, and others—Arrival at York of Mrs. Sterne and Lydia—Sterne visits Scarborough—Letters to the Jameses, Lord Shelburne, Sir George Macartney, etc.

WHEN Mrs. Draper left London, Sterne was too ill to accompany her to Deal, and he had to content himself with making such arrangements for her comfort on the voyage as could be done by letter. He felt very lonely when she had gone from him, and endeavoured to find solace in the composition of the sentimental journal printed in the last chapter. "Dined alone again to-day," he wrote therein on April 17: "and began to feel a pleasure in this kind of resigned Misery arising from this situation of heart unsupported by aught but its own

\* The earlier part of this chapter is co-temporary with the "Journal to Eliza." It will be noticed that Sterne has inserted passages of the "Journal" in some of his letters.



tenderness.” Within a few days of Mrs. Draper’s departure, however, the sick man had begun to hunger for human sympathy, and naturally enough he turned to his daughter, whom he desired to have with him even at the cost of her mother’s company.

*Laurence Sterne to Lydia Sterne*

BOND STREET, [LONDON]

*April 9, 1767.*

This letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it—I cannot be cheerful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me—I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner—but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience?—Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, ’tis a heavy load not worth sustaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution?—For God’s sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation—and whilst she lives in one country, and I in another, many people will suppose it proceeds from choice—besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia’s eyes will smart with weeping, when I tell her the cause that now affects me.—I am apprehensive that the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter

is going into a decline—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so altered—she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks—I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears—I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together—She has delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess—our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy—'Tis expressive of her modest worth—but may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labour's urns but vainly shew  
 An idle scene of decorated woe.  
 The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,  
 Need no mechanic help to force the tear.  
 In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,  
 'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine,  
 'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,  
 Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly.—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be,

Thy affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. —, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being.—Send me some *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

Sterne was undoubtedly very ill, and for a while was unable to take any part in the social gaieties he loved.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

OLD BOND-STREET, [LONDON],

*April 21, 1767.*

I am sincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J[ames], by your friendly enquiry, and the interest you are so good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation.—My physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till some favourable change—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—he says it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday—but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name must have efficacy with me—I was bled yesterday, and again to-day, and have been almost dead; but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope still, and (next to the sense of what I owe my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with—if I continue mending, it will yet be some time before I shall have strength enough to get out in a carriage—my first visit will be a visit of true gratitude—I leave my kind friends to guess where—a thousand blessings go along with this, and may heaven preserve you both.—Adieu, my dear Sir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.



“If I continue ill,” Sterne wrote in the *Journal* on May 2, “I am still determined to repair there [to Montpellier];” and on the following day: “What can be the matter with me?” he asked. “Something is wrong, Eliza, in every part of me—I do not gain strength; nor have I the feelings of health returning back to me.” Yet within ten days his health was much improved, and he was able to accept invitations to go out. It is commonly asserted that, after the publication of the earlier instalments of “*Tristram Shandy*,” the author’s popularity steadily declined, and that during his later visits to London he was ignored by those who had lionised him at the height of his fame. That this was the case is utterly disproved by entries in the “*Journal to Eliza*.” Therein, on April 24, Sterne tells his Bramine, “My rapper eternally going with Cards and enquiries after me.” When he was known to be better invitations were showered upon him. “Cards from seven or eight of our grandees to dine with them before I leave town,” so runs an entry on May 13. On the following day he dined with Lord and Lady Bellairs, and received many visitors at his rooms; on May 16 he breakfasted with Lady Spencer; on the 17th he went to Court; and he postponed his departure until the 22nd at the request of Lord and Lady Spencer, who “had made a party to dine and sup on my Acc<sup>t</sup>.” Of the presents that were

showered upon him on his departure by his "Grandee" friends there is an account in the entry for June 13 in the Journal. Nor was Sterne out of favour with the ecclesiastical dignitaries, as is frequently alleged; for the Archbishop of York entertained him at Bishopthorpe more than once and wished to stand godfather to "A Sentimental Journey," and the Bishop of Cork and Ross offered him preferment.

*Laurence Sterne to the Earl of Shelburne*

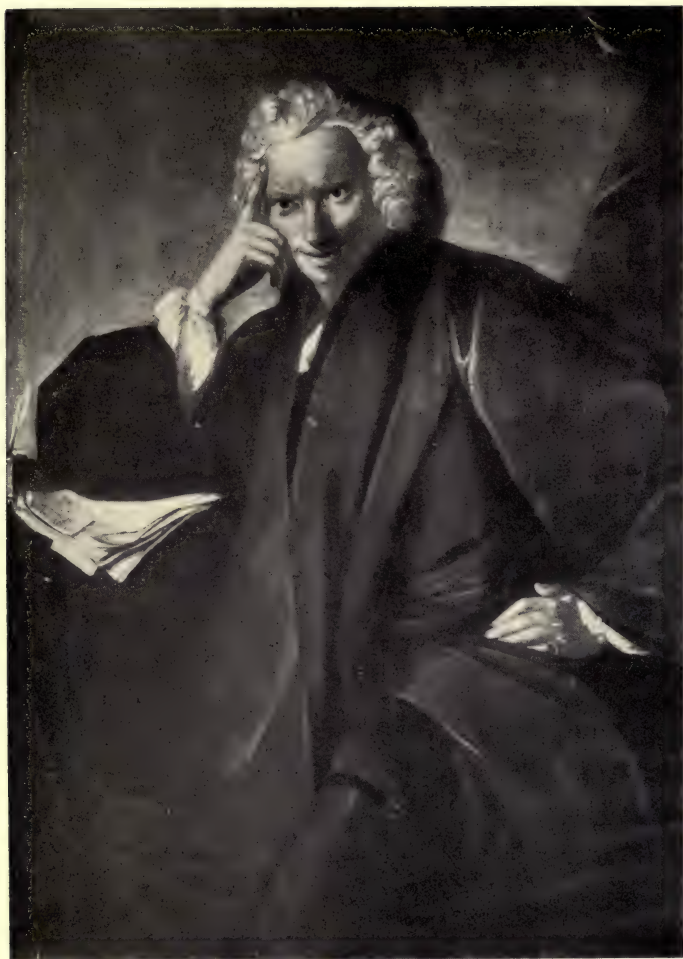
OLD BOND-STREET, [LONDON],

May 21, 1767.\*

MY LORD,

I was yesterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindness of Lord and Lady Spencer, who have made a party to dine and sup on my account.—I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself.—In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I

\* This letter was clearly written later than May 1, the date assigned to it by Sterne's daughter. Sterne took leave of his friends on May 20, intending to leave London the next day, but he was evidently detained one day later to dine with the Spencers. The letter was written on the morning of May 21.



LAURENCE STERNE.

(See p. 255.)

*From a photograph after a portrait by Reynolds  
(in the possession of the Marquess of Lansdowne).*





have received such numberless and unmerited civilities from your lordship, without returning my most grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illness, my Lord, has occasioned my silence—Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him—the call was both unexpected and unpleasant—and I am seriously worn down to a shadow—and still very weak ;—but weak as I am, I have as whimsical a story to tell you as ever befel one of my family—Shandy's nose, his name, his sash window are fools to it—it will serve at least to amuse you.—The injury I did myself last month in catching cold upon James's Powder—fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could—the most painful, and most dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this crisis I called in an able surgeon and with him an able physician (both my friends) to inspect my disaster—" 'Tis a venereal case," cried my two scientific friends.—" 'Tis impossible, however, to be that," replied I—"for I have had no commerce whatever with the sex, not even with my wife," added I, "these fifteen years."—"You are, however, my good friend," said the surgeon, "or there is no such case in the world."—"What the devil," said I, "without knowing woman?"—"We will not reason about it," said the physician, "but you must undergo a course of mercury."—"I will lose my life first," said I—"and trust to nature, to time, or at the worst to death."—So I put an end, with some indignation, to the conference—and determined to bear all the torments I under-

went, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated like a *sinner*, in a point where I acted like a *saint*.—Now as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous, it so fell out that the moment I dismissed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expressed, or supported. Every hour became more intolerable,—I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up so near dead, that my friends insisted upon my sending again for my physician and surgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both mistaken, as to my case—but though they had reasoned wrong, they might act right ; but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my case laid me under.—They answered, that these taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years ; but they would not reason with me in a point wherein I was so delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely to put an end to my torment, which otherwise would put an end to me—and so I have been compelled to surrender myself—and thus, my dear Lord, has your poor friend with all his sensibilities been suffering the chastisement of the grossest sensualist.—Was it not as ridiculous an embarrassment as ever Yorick's spirit was involved in ?—Nothing but the purest conscience of innocence could have tempted me to write this story to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Tristram Shandy's Life.—I



have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. Draper. In some respects there is no difference between my wife and herself—when they fare alike, neither can reasonably complain—I have just received letters from France, with some hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a visit—if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himself he shall receive a letter from your Lordship, *en attendant*. I am with the greatest regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

L. STERNE.

Sterne was not in a fit state to undergo the fatigue of a journey to Montpellier, but he could no longer bear to be cooped up in Old Bond Street, and on May 22 he set out for Coxwold.

*Laurence Sterne to J. D[illo]n*

OLD BOND-STREET, [LONDON],  
Friday morning, [May 22, 1767].

I was going, my dear D[illo]n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal settlement.— I am ill, very ill—I languish most affectingly—I am sick both soul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D., whilst I—no matter

what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yesterday with Lord and Lady S[pencer]; we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation!—You rogue! you have locked up my boots—and I go bootless home—and I fear I shall go bootless all my life.—Adieu, gentlest and best of souls —adieu.

I am yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

NEWARK,

*Monday, ten o'clock in the morn.*

[May 25, 1767].

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out—I am worn out—but press on to Barnby Moor to-night, and if possible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but some *dérangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be upset this bout.—My love to G.—We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together.—My kind respects to a few.—I am, dear Hall,

Truly yours,

L. STERNE.

Sterne broke his journey to spend two days

at Bishopsthorpe with the Archbishop of York (Robert Hay Drummond) and his wife, who showed him every attention; and he arrived at "my Thatched Cottage" on May 28. The journey, though taken at a leisurely pace, had been too much for his strength, and he was compelled on reaching Coxwold to take to his bed, "being," he remarked pathetically, "so emaciated and unlike what I was."

*Laurence Sterne to A. L——e*

COXWOLD,  
June 17, 1767.

DEAR L——E,

I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good-will.—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return—at least I find it so. I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwold—and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle



of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation—but absence and time lessens no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town—May you, my dear L——, want neither the one, nor the other!

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to A. L——e*

COXWOLD,  
June 30, 1767.

I am still better in health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote last to you, owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H[all], whose castle lies near the sea—and there is a beach as even as a mirrour, of five miles in length, before it—where we daily run races in our chaises, with one wheel in the sea, and the other on land.—D—— has obtained his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of enquiries after Yorick, and his Bramin[e]. He is a good soul, and interests himself much in our fate—I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in saying you intend to get introduced to

the —. I despise them, and I shall hold your understanding much cheaper than I now do, if you persist in a resolution so unworthy of you. —I suppose Mrs. J[ames] telling you they were sensible, is the groundwork you go upon—by — they are not clever : though what is commonly called wit, may pass for literature on the other side of Temple-bar.—You say Mrs. J[ames] thinks them amiable—she judges too favourably ; but I have put a stop to her intentions of visiting them.—They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Bramine assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you.—I said enough of them before she left England, and though she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted.—Strange infatuation !—but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Bramine can only justify.—I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request, that she would not write to them. I said too, she had concealed many things for the sake of her peace of mind—when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J[ames]'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly.—Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. James, 'twould displease her—and I had no design in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herself.—I ought now to be busy from sun-rise to sunset, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an estate to sell—a parish to superintend, and,

what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with—these are continual calls upon me.—I have received half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all.—I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present—and so, dear L——e, adieu.

I am most cordially yours,  
L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Ignatius Sancho*

COXWOLD, June 30 [1767].

I must acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter were I ten times busier than I am, and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good will, and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised—we only want it to be sincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an ass to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuse it), all together do wonders.—I shall live this year at least, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for just so much health and spirits, as are sufficient to carry my pen through the task I have set it this summer.—But I am a resigned being, Sancho, and take health and sickness, as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons



—that is, just as it pleases God to send them—and accomodate myself to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care, whatever befalls me in this silly world—not to lose my temper at it.—This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy—for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes.—Farewel—I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter—in the mean time, I am very cordially,

My honest friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

COXWOLD, July 6, 1767.

It is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor—I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my soul—and for the single day's happiness your goodness would have sent me, I wish I could send you back thousands—I cannot, but they will come of themselves—and so God bless you.—I have had twenty times my pen in my hand since I came down, to write a letter to you both in Gerrard-street—but I am a shy kind of a soul at the bottom, and have a jealousy about troubling my friends, especially about myself.—I am now got perfectly well, but was, a

month after my arrival in the country, in but a poor state—my body has got the start, and is at present more at ease than my mind—but this world is a school of trials, and so heaven's will be done!—I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted—and to complete your joy, that your little lady flourishes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to see her preferred by next winter.—I am now beginning to be truly busy at my “Sentimental Journey”—the pains and sorrows of this life having retarded its progress—but I shall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very short time.

What can I send you that Yorkshire produces?—tell me—I want to be of use to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the truest value and esteem,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

YORK, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR PANCHAUD,

Be so kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's post, or the next, and she will receive them before she quits Avignon for England—she wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—advise her to get her own life insured in London, lest my Lydia should die before her.—If there are any packets, send them with the ninth volume \* of “Shandy,” which

\* Alluding to the first edition.

she has failed of getting—she says she has drawn for fifty louis—when she leaves Paris, send by her my account.—Have you got me any French subscriptions, or subscriptions in France?—Present my kindest service to Miss P. I know her politeness and good-nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what she may venture to bring over.—I hope everything goes on well, though never half so well as I wish.—God prosper you, my dear friend.—Believe me most warmly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

The sooner you send me the gold snuff-box, the better—'tis a present from my best friend.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

COXWOLD, August 2, 1767.

My dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] are infinitely kind to me, in sending now and then a letter to inquire after me—and to acquaint me how they are.—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illness,—I wish Mr. J[ames] would carry you to the south of France in pursuit of health—but why need I wish it, when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of those symptoms which alarmed him so much in the spring?—Your politeness and humanity are always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promise next winter, will be perfectly so—but you must get well—and your little dear girl must be of



the party, with her parents and friends, to give it a relish.—I am sure you shew no partiality, but what is natural and praise-worthy, in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a playfellow; and I both hope and advise them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two strings at least to their bow.—I had letters from France by last night's post, by which (by some fatality) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern, as it wears the aspect of unkindness, which she by no means merits from me.—My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a visit for a few months;—I wish I may prevail with them to tarry longer.—You must permit me, dear Mrs. J[ames], to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and spend a little time in London, as she returns to France. I expect a small parcel—may I trouble you, before you write next, to send to my lodgings to ask if there is any thing directed to me that you can inclose under cover.—I have but one excuse for this freedom, which I am prompted to use, from a persuasion that it is doing you pleasure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing—and as to myself, I rest satisfied, for 'tis only scoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already.—Receive a thousand and thousand thanks, yes, and with them ten thousand friendly wishes for all you wish in this world.—May my friend Mr. J[ames] continue blessed with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort

I so ardently pray for.—Adieu, my dear friends  
—believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. In Eliza's last Letter, dated from St. Jago, she tells me, as she does you, that she is extremely ill—God protect her!—By this time surely she has set foot upon dry land at Madras—I heartily wish her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her so—but he is cut off from this, by bodily absence—I am present with her in spirit, however—but what is that? you will say.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

COXWOLD,  
August 10, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I but copy your great civility to me—in writing you word, that I have this moment received another Letter, wrote eighteen days after the date of the last, from St. Jago.—If Our poor friend could have wrote another Letter to England, you will in course have it—but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry, and bodily disorder when she dispatch'd this, she might not have time.—In Case it has so fallen out—I send you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholly history of herself and sufferings since they left Jago—continual and most violent rheumatism all the time—a fever brought on—with fits—and attended with Delirium and every terrifying symptome—the recovery from this has left her low—and emaciated to a Skeleton.

I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart—knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours.—The three or four last days in her journal, leave us with hopes she will do well at last—for she is more chearful, and seems to be getting up her Spirits—and health in course with it.—They have cross'd the Line—are much becalm'd—which with other delays, she fears, they will lose their passage to Madrass—and be some months sooner for it, at Bombay—Heaven protect this worthy creature! for she suffers much and with uncommon fortitude.—She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. James in her last Packet—in truth, my good Lady, she honours and loves you from her heart—but if she did not—I should not Love her half so well myself as I do.

Adieu my dear friends—You have very few in the world—more truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. I have just received as a present from a right Honble. a most elegant gold Snuff fabricated for me at Paris—I wish Eliza was here—I would lay it at her feet—however I will enrich my gold Box with her picture,—and if the Donor does not approve of such an acquisition to his pledge of friendship—I will send him his box again.

May I presume to inclose you the Letter I write to Mrs. Draper—I know you will write yourself—and my Letter may have the honour to chaprone yours to India.

Mrs. Sterne and my daughter are coming to stay a couple of months with me as far as from



Avignon—and then return.—Here's Complaisance for you. I went 500 Miles the last Spring, out of my Way, to pay my wife a week's Visit—and She is at the expense of coming post a thousand miles to return it—what a happy pair!—however, *en passant*, She takes back sixteen hundred pounds into France with her—and will do me the honour, likewise to strip me of everything I have—except Eliza's Picture.

Adieu.\*

*Laurence Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson*

COXWOLD, August 11, 1767.

MY DEAR HALL,

I am glad all has passed with so much amity *inter te & filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy sight—All is well that ends well—and so much for moralizing upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs,—Not one of my letters has got to Mrs. Sterne since the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my side, though I have wrote her six or seven.—I imagine she will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which, having suffered by my supposed silence, I am persuaded will make her fear the worst—if that is the case, she will fly to England—a most natural conclusion.—You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's powders—as you are so well, rejoice, therefore, and let your heart be merry—mine

\* British Museum, Add. MSS., 3452.

ought upon the same score—for I never have been so well since I left college—and should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour—and—no matter ! we will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, etc. etc., I will come and sing *Te Deum*, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world.—I should depend upon G——’s critic upon my head, as much, as Molière’s old woman upon his comedies—when you do not want her society, let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum—to—and give her my blessing as you do it.—

My postillion has set me a-ground for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite shot off—he instantly fell upon his knees and said (Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name) at which, like a good Christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it—the affair was not so bad as he at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers (he says).—I long to return to you, but I sit here alone as solitary and sad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep—he follows me from the parlour, to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wish I had a dog—my daughter will bring me one—and so God be about you, and strengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear cousin, yours,

L. S.

My service to the C——, though they are from home, and to Panty.

*Laurence Sterne to Lydia Sterne*

COXWOULD, August 24, 1767.

I am truly surprised, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother, and thyself—it looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both—and though in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I should have published my sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you—yet I will shew you more real politesses than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart.—I am sorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.—I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but so so here.—You are right—he studies nature more than any, or rather most of the French comedians.—If the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of staying till after twelve for supper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat! —“his conscience would not let it be served before.”—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it.—I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have



seen the *petits maîtres et maîtresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing.—As to my pleasures, they are few in compass.—My poor cat sits purring beside me—your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire—but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused—in short, I will have nothing devilish about me—a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you set out.—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as ——— did her silver seringue or glister equipage which she lost in a certain river—but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a spitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute \*\*\*\*\* came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear—“Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fish have you brought yourself to, Mr. S——!” In a faint voice, I bad him leave me, for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner.—Tell your mother, I hope she will purchase what either of you may require at Paris—'tis an occasion not to be lost—so write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long-tailed horses—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu, dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever shall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—once more adieu.

*Laurence Sterne to Sir W.*

[COXWOULD], September 19, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are perhaps the drollest being in the universe.—Why do you banter me so about what I wrote to you?—Tho' I told you, every morning I jumped into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the sea) was you to infer from that, that I leap'd into the ladies' beds afterwards?—The body guides you—the mind me.—I have wrote the most whimsical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talked of body and soul too.—I said she has made me vain, by saying she was mine more than ever woman was—but she is not the lady of Bond-street, nor — square, nor the lady who supp'd with me in Bond-street on scollop'd oysters, and other such things—nor did she ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill.—Enough of such nonsense.—The past is over—and I can justify myself unto myself—can you do as much?—No, 'faith!—"You can feel!" Aye, so can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the house-top—but caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame, than have a different one raised in me.—Now I take heaven to witness, after all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent—and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and gallop'd away.—The truth is this—

that my pen governs me—not me my pen.—You are much to blame if you dig for marle, unless you are sure of it. I was once such a puppy myself, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of pocket. Curse on farming (said I), I will try if the pen will not succeed better than the spade. The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me lose my temper, and a cart load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

In all your operations may your own good sense guide you—bought experience is the devil. Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours most truly,  
L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Sir W.*

COXWOULD, *September 27, 1767.*

DEAR SIR,

You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter.—You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finished—besides, I have other things in my head.—My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness—but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh, and drink my barley-water with you. As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London, where you generally are in Spring—



and then my "Sentimental Journey" will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds—praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir,

Ever yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

YORK, October 1, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I have order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd—she is in raptures with all your civilities.—This is to give you notice to draw upon your correspondent—and Becket will deduct out of my publication.—To-morrow morning I repair with her to Coxwoud, and my Lydia seems transported with the sight of me.—Nature, dear Panchaud, breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity—which is a fault in the world we live in—I am fully content with her mother's care of her.—Pardon this digression from business—but 'tis natural to speak of those we love.—As to the subscriptions which your friendship has procured me, I must have them to incorporate with my lists which are to be prefix'd to the first volume.—My wife and daughter join in millions

of thanks—they will leave me the 1st of December.—Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours, most truly,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

COXWOULD, October 3, 1767.

I have suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight, to send a letter of enquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]; and I do assure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper not to make my good-will troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of, but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd. —Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard-street! —My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say “God bless you”—May you have every blessing He can send you! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilst I have a tongue to repeat it.—And so you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reasons assign'd for it—I thank you for it kindly—tho' you have not told me what they were; being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess.—I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops; \* who, as he kept

\* See “Journal to Eliza,” August 2.

house there, press'd me to be with him—and his household consisted of a gentleman, and two ladies—which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party that we kept much to ourselves.—I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland.—However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted.—Now it was supposed (and I have since heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I suppose was the reason assigned for my being there.—I dare say charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the score of one, and perhaps both of the ladies—and I will excuse charity on that head, for a heart disengaged could not well have done better.—I have been hard writing ever since—and hope by Christmas I shall be able to give a gentle rap at your door—and tell you how happy I am to see my two good friends.—I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finished this “Sentimental Journey”—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am,

My dear friends,

Your ever obliged,

And grateful

L. STERNE.

P.S. My wife and daughter arrived here last night from France.—My girl has return'd an



elegant and accomplish'd little slut—my wife—but I hate to praise my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter.—I suppose they will return next summer to France.—They leave me in a month to reside at York for the winter—and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Ferguson*

COXWOULD, *Friday*, [October 1767].

DEAR MADAM,

I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me—I got down last summer very much worn out—and much worse at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster.—Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very stout—and in a fortnight's time shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me.—I have the pleasure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France.—I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January.—Adieu, dear madam—Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. H.*

COXWOULD, *October 12*, 1767.

Ever since my dear H. wrote me word she was mine, more then ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where

it was that you and I had that affair together.—People think that I have had many, some in body, some in mind; but as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman—therefore you must have had me, H——, both in mind, and in body.—Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when—it could not be the lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or —— Square, or Pall-mall.—We shall make it out, H., when we meet—I impatiently long for it—'tis no matter—I cannot now stand writing to you to-day—I will make it up next post—for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F[auconberg] stay, he will not frank this.—How do you do? Which parts of “Tristram” do you like best?—God bless you.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

COXWOULD, November 12, 1767.

Forgive me, dear Mrs. J[ames], if I am troublesome in writing betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. James, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of.—I think so, however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it so seldom—and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas.—I long sadly to see you—and my friend Mr. J[ames]. I am still at Coxwould—my wife and girl here.—She is a dear good creature—affec-

tionate, and most elegant in body, and mind—she is all heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers.—Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplish'd a slut as France can produce.—You shall excuse all this—if you won't, I desire Mr. J[ames] to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge—whom I hope to see every hour increasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart.—No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does—few so much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honest affection,

My dear Mrs. J[ames],

Your ever faithful,

L. STERNE.

P.S. My “Sentimental Journey” will please Mrs. J[ames], and my Lydia—I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past.—I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. James continue examples of the doctrine I teach!



*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. H.*

COXWOLD, November 15, 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute these commissions well—and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there's for you!—But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my “Sentimental Journey,” which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me—or I will give up the business of sentimental writing—and write to the body—that is, H., what I am doing in writing to you—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a score of mean souls.—

I am yours, etc. etc.

L. SHANDY.

*Laurence Sterne to A. L——e*

COXWOLD, November 19, 1767.

You make yourself unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills—which you might shun, instead of putting yourself in the way of.—Would not any man in his senses fly from the object he adores, and not waste his time and his health in increasing his misery by so vain a pursuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thousand.—The Duke of —— has long sighed in vain—and can you suppose a woman will listen to you that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribands?—Her heart (believe me, L——e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine speeches—if it should ever feel a preference, it will chuse an object for itself, and it must be a singular character that can make an impres-

sion on such a being—she has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reserve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a superiority of understanding, which makes her despise every man that turns himself into a fool—Take my advice, and pay your addresses to Miss ——; she esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken so deep a root in your heart.—I pity you from my soul—but we are all born with passions which ebb and flow (else they would play the devil with us) to different objects—and the best advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.—I know not whether I shall write again while I stay at Coxwould.—I am in earnest at my sentimental work—and intend being in town soon after Christmas—in the mean time adieu.—Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L.

Yours, etc.

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to the Earl of Shelburne*

COXWOULD, November 28, 1767.

MY LORD,

'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of enquiry about Yorick—he has worn out both his spirits and body with the “Sentimental Journey”—’tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—I believe the brain stands as much in need of

recruiting as the body—therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife (who is come from France), but in fact I have long been a sentimental being—whatever your Lordship may think to the contrary. The world has imagined, because I wrote “*Tristram Shandy*,” that I was myself more Shandean than I really ever was—’tis a good-natured world we live in and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas each one frames in his head.—A very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough—I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon*—all the females were very inquisitive to know who she was—“Do not tell, ladies, ’tis a mistress my wife has recommended to me—nay moreover has sent her from France.”

I hope my book will please you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaste book, mercy on them that read it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed!—Can your Lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle?—In short, I can but add this, which you already know—that I am with gratitude and friendship,

My Lord,

Your obedient faithful,

L. STERNE.

If your Lordship is in town in Spring, I should be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-street—you would esteem



the husband, and honour the wife—she is the reverse of most of her sex—they have various pursuits—she but one—that of pleasing her husband.—

*Laurence Sterne to Sir George Macartney \**

COXWOULD, December 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

For tho' you are his Excellency, and I still but parson Yorick—I still must call you so—and were you to be next Emperor of Russia, I could not write to you or speak of you, under any other relation—I felicitate you, I don't say how much, because I can't—I always had something like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are so happily advanced—it was not only my wishes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impose upon a visionary brain, but I thought I actually saw you just where you now are—and that is just, my dear Macartney, where you should be.—I should long, long ago have acknowledged the kindness of a letter of yours from Petersbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the first time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you—how they will find you, I know well—that is—the same I ever knew you. In three weeks I shall kiss your hand—and sooner, if I can finish my “Sentimental Journey.”—The deuce

\* Sir George (afterwards Earl) Macartney had returned to England in June from St. Petersburg, whither he had been sent as Envoy-extraordinary to conclude a commercial treaty between England and Russia.

take all sentiments ! I wish there was not one in the world !—My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon—and the *politesse* arising from such a proof of her urbanity has robbed me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to lye-in ; being at Christmas at my full reckoning—and unless what I shall bring forth is not *press'd* to death by these devils of printers, I shall have the honour of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaste brain conceived—they are frolicsome too, *mais cela n'empêche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myself happy with it. Adieu, my dear friend,

Believe me yours, etc.

L. STERNE.

P.S. If you see Mr. Craufurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

*Laurence Sterne to A. L——e*

COXWOLD, December 7, 1767.

DEAR L.

I said I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promises—he will take care of you in the best manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you useful in any department.—If his Lordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the kingdom—go to the east

or the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and mind.—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs—I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwold, and my prebendaryship—the country also is sweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have consulted with you, and my other friends.\*—I have great offers too in Ireland—the bishops of C—— and R——† are both my friends—but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the sake of my girl, and, with her sweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me it would sit uneasy upon my brow.—Mrs. Sterne's health is insupportable in England.—She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it.—I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the separation of soul and body—and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another.—You will laugh at my

\* See "Journal to Eliza," August 3.

† Cork and Ross. These bishoprics were held by one man. Dr. Cross thinks Sterne must have written "The Bishop of Cork and Ross"; but it is more probable that Sterne wrote as printed and was having his little joke. See "Journal to Eliza," August 2.





LYDIA STERNE.

(See p. 256.)

*From an engraving by J. Caldwell after a portrait by Benjamin West.*



weakness—but I cannot help it—for she is a dear disinterested girl.—As a proof of it—when she left Coxwould, and I bad her adieu, I pulled out my purse and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures—her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: “No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have straightened you—I would rather put an hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it.”—I burst into tears—but why do I practise on your feelings—by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart?—It is too much melted already by its own sufferings, L——e, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh.—God bless you—I shall hope to greet you by New-year’s-day in perfect health.—Adieu, my dear friend—I am most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence-Sterne to a friend.*

*Saturday Evening.*

I have had, my friend, another attack, and though I am, in a great measure recovered, it has hinted to me one thing, at least, which is,—that if I am rash enough to risk the winter in London, I shall never see another Spring.

Be that as it may,—as my family is now in England, and as I have my “Sentimental Journey”;—which, I think with you, will be the most popular of my works, to give to the world:—I know not how it will be possible for me, to run so counter to my interest, my affections, and my vanity—as to set my face Southward



before March,—and I think if I get to that period, I may bid the scare-crow, defiance, for another seven, or eight months,—and then I may leave him in the fogs, and go where as he so often followed me in vain, he will not follow me again. And this idea cheers my spirit,—not, believe me, that I am uneasy about death, as death ;—but, that I think, for a dozen years to come—I could make a very tolerable, good use of life.

But be that as it pleases God.

Besides, I have promised your—and sure I may add, my—charming friend, Mrs. V[esey], to pay her a visit in Ireland,—which I mean that you should do with me.

It is not that you introduced me to her acquaintance,—which is something ; it is not her enchanting voice which, humanly speaking may be more,—nor that she has come herself, in the form of a pitying angel, and made my Tisan for me during my illness,—and played at picquet with me, in order to prevent my attempt to talk, as she was told it would do me harm ;—which is most of all—that makes me love her so much as I do ;—but it is a mind attuned to every virtue, and a nature of the first order,—beaming through a form of the first beauty. In my life did I never see anything—so truly graceful as she is, nor had I an idea, 'till I saw her—that grace could be so perfect in all its parts, and so suited to all the higher ordinances of the first life, from the superintending impulse of the mind. For I will answer for it, that education, though called forth to the utmost exertions, has

played a very subordinate part, in the composition of her character. All its best efforts are—as it were—in the background, or rather are lost in the general mass of those qualities, which predominate over all her accessory accomplishments.

In short if I had ever so great an inclination to cross the gulph, while such a woman beckoned me to stay, I could not depart.

The world, however, had absolutely killed me, and should such a report have reached you, I know full well, that it would have grieved you sorely,—and I wish you not to shed a tear for me in vain. That you will drop more than one over thy friend Yorick, when he is dead, soothes him while he is yet alive,—but I trust that, though there may be something in my death, whenever it happens,—to distress you, there will be something also in the remembrance of me, to comfort you, when I am laid beneath the marble.

But why do I talk of marble,—I should say beneath the sod.

For cover my head with a turf, or a stone,

'Twill be all one—

'Twill be all one.

Till then, at least, I shall be, with great truth,  
Your most affectionate,

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

YORK, December 28, 1767.

I was afraid that either my friend Mr. James, or Mrs. James, or their little Blossome was

drooping, or that some of You were ill by not having the pleasure of a line from You, and was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all—when I was cast down myself with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which has confined me to my Room three weeks, when I had the favour of Yours which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially do now,—as well as for all your proofs and professions of good will to me—I will not say, I have not ballanced Accounts with You in this—all I know, is, That I honour and value you more than I do any good creature upon earth—and that I could not wish your happiness and the Success of whatever conduces to it more than I do, was I your Brother—but, good God, are we not all brothers and sisters, who are friendly and virtuous and good?—

Surely, my dear friends, my Illness has been a sort of sympathy for your Afflictions upon the score of Your dear little one—and I make no doubt when I see Eliza's Journal, I shall find She has been ill herself at that time—I am rent to pieces with Uncertainty about this dear friend of ours—I think too much—and intereste myself so deeply by my friendship for her,—that I am worn down to a Shadow,—to this I owe my decay of health—but I can't help it.

As my fever has left me I set off the latter end of the week with my friend Mr. Hall for Town—I need not tell my friends in Gerrard Street, I shall do myself the Honour to visit them before either Lord Shelburne or Lord Spencer etc.—etc.



I thank you my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my Daughter—it shews your good heart, as she is a Stranger—'tis a free gift in you,—but when she is known to you—She will win it fairly—but alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. Mrs. Sterne has hired a house ready furnished at York, till she returns to France and my Lydia must not leave her.

What a sad scratch of a Letter—but I am weak my dear friends, both in body and mind—so God bless you, You'll see me enter like a Ghost—so I tell you beforehand not to be frightened.

I am my dear friends

With truest attachment and endless esteem

Your

L. STERNE.\*

\* British Museum, Add. MSS., 34527.

## CHAPTER XXII

### DEATH

(1768)

Sterne leaves "Shandy Hall" never again to return there—He goes to London—His ill-health—His courage—Letters to the Jameses, Dr. Eustace, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, etc.—The publication of "A Sentimental Journey"—The new work is well received—His premonition of his death—His increasing feebleness—His last illness—Death—Burial—Epitaph.

IN December Sterne left "Shandy Hall," never again to return there. He was now extremely feeble, suffering from the cough that, years earlier he had said, he dreaded worse than the devil. Yet while he would not take care of himself, on the other hand he would not yield to the illness that slowly but surely was bringing him to the grave; and he still went out and about among his friends.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON],  
January [3 or 10 (?), 1768].

Not knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends

in Gerrard-street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to send them all the good wishes, compliments, and respects I owe them.—I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the best.—I send all compliments to your fire-sides this Sunday night.—Miss Ascough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. James will present the enclosed to him—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season\*—it deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the subscription—but I am just going to send about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undisposed of, from some of my Soho friends; and if I can succeed, I will either send or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow—if not, my friend will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable.—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get disengaged in order to be with my friends.—If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow uninvited to Gerrard-street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bless you both!—I am with the most sincere regard,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

\* This is a reference to the balls and concerts given to subscribers by Theresa Cornelys at Carlisle House, Soho Square.



*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON],

Monday, [January 4 or 11, 1768].

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one—have been upon one knee to my friends, Sir George Macartney, Mr. Lascelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice—without mentioning five more—I believe I could as soon get you a place at court, for every body is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications.—I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised—but no—Mrs. J[ames] knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth

Her faithful friend

L. STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON].

Thursday, [February 18, 1768].

A thousand thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a second note I am astonished I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. J[ames] in which my friend is as unrivalled, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard street.—My books\* will be to be had on Thursday, but possibly on Wednesday in the afternoon.—I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner.—How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is always sweet) with such kind friends!—The Sunday following I will assuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day-light to see Mrs. J[ames]'s picture.—I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my sentimental thanks for every token of their good will.—Adieu, my dear friends—

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

*Dr. Eustace, in America, to Laurence Sterne*

[About January, 1768].

SIR,

When I assure you that I am a great admirer of “Tristram Shandy,” and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a similitude

\* The two volumes of “A Sentimental Journey” were published on or about February 25.

of sentiments is the general parent of friendship. —It cannot be wondered at, that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through all these intricacies of sentiments, which, from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge through without merit or distinction.

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary,\* I mean, according to vulgar opinion, for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design. —It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late Governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its singularity made many desirous of procuring it; but I had resolved at first not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation, as a button-hole, or a broomstick.

I have the honour to be, etc. etc.

*Laurence Sterne to Dr. Eustace, in America*

LONDON,

February 9, 1768.

SIR,

I this moment received your obliging letter, and Shandean piece of sculpture along with it, of both which testimonies of your regard

\* The piece of true Shandean statuary was a walking-stick with a carved handle.



I have the justest sense, and return you, dear Sir, my best thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking-stick is in no sense more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that, in using the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his convenience. In "Tristram Shandy," the handle is taken which suits the passions, their ignorance, or their sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared, that none but wise men should look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to understand them; the world, however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its side; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany has engaged one part of the world to give it a second reading. The other, in order to be on the strongest side, has at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few hypocrites and Tartuffes, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God; and, besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correspond with those excited.—'Tis like reading himself—and not the book.

In a week's time I shall be delivered of two volumes of the "Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy"; but, alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of presenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true esteem,

Your obliged humble servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

*Laurence Sterne to L. S——n*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON],  
Wednesday, [February 17 (?), 1768].

DEAR SIR,

Your commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question.—Thanks, my good Sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwold this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.—It grieves one to think such a man should have died in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love.—Do not think me encroaching if I solicit a favour—'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg if you please) some of those touched with chalk which you brought from Italy—I believe you have three sets, and if you can spare

the imperfect one of cattle on colour'd paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours.—You may be ignorant she has a genius for drawing, and whatever she excels in she conceals, and her humility adds lustre to her accomplishments.—I presented her last year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her several lessons before I left town.—I wish her to follow this art, to be a complete mistress of it—and it is singular enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, tho' she draws figures and landscapes perfectly well; which makes me wish her to copy from good prints.—If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you—I breakfast with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O——; so let our meeting be either at your house or my lodgings—do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to see a picture executed by West, most admirably—he has caught the character of our friend—such goodness is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much unharmonized, it is impossible it should remain so.—I will send you a set of my books—they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and “Tristram” in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear Sir—I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me

Yours most truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.



*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Montagu*

[February, 1768 (?.)]

Thanks, thanks—my dear and kind Cosin, for the domestick supply—it is all I wanted—and this bottle alone will be enough to restore to me what I have lost—w<sup>h</sup> is a little strength—which I usually regain in as short time, as I lost it; I am absolutely this morning free from every bodily distemper that is to be read of in the catalogue of human infirmities and I know I shall not be able to delay paying you my thanks in person, longer than till to-morrow noon; if you are *visible* as the French say:

I follow no regimen, but that of strict Temperance, and so am with all sense of y<sup>r</sup> goodness,  
D<sup>r</sup> Madame

Your affec<sup>te</sup> cosin,

L. STERNE.\*

In the middle of February “A Sentimental Journey” was published by Becket and De Hondt. It contained the following “Advertisement”:

The Author begs leave to acknowledge to his Subscribers that they have a further claim upon him for Two Volumes more than those delivered by him now, and which nothing but ill-health could have prevented him from having ready along with these. The work will be completed and delivered to the subscribers early the next winter.

\* The original letter is in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq. who has kindly supplied a copy for reproduction in this work.

The "Journey" was, of course, never completed, though Sterne had made many notes when on his travels abroad. Indeed, La Fleur has stated that there was a large trunk completely filled with papers. "They were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited," the valet added: "and, in Italy, he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate inquiries into the different governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states." These enquiries must, however, have been made at second-hand, for Sterne, though intermittently he set himself to learn Italian, never made any progress with the language.

There is no doubt that Sterne had wearied of "Tristram Shandy," and that it was with a sense of relief that he brought that work to a conclusion, and began the composition of a new book. "My 'Sentimental Journey' goes on well—and some Geniuses in the North declare it is an Original work, and likely to take in all Kinds of Readers," he wrote to Becket on September 3, 1767; "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." The author was not disappointed by its reception. Even Horace Walpole paid tribute to the new work. "Sterne has published two little volumes, called 'Sentimental Travels,' " he wrote to George Montagu, March 12, 1778. "They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely prefer-

able to his tiresome ‘Tristram Shandy,’ of which I could never get through three volumes. In these there is great good nature and strokes of delicacy.”

*Laurence Sterne to Lydia Sterne*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON],  
February 20, [1768].

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

My “Sentimental Journey,” you say, is admired in York by every one—and ’tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?—The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father’s breast—this vile influenza—be not alarm’d, I think I shall get the better of it—and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, ’twill not be for a long period, my child—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.—The subject of thy letter has astonished me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to ——. No, my Lydia! ’tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have so often talk’d and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which



will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me—do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in justice be less kind to thy mother.—I am never alone.—The kindness of my friends is ever the same.—I wish tho' I had thee to nurse me—but I am deny'd that.—Write to me twice a week, at least.—God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy

Affectionate father

L. S.

*Laurence Sterne to Mrs. James*

[OLD BOND STREET, LONDON],

*Tuesday [March 8, 1768].*

Your poor friend is scarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy—I was bled three times on Thursday, and blister'd on Friday.—The physician says I am better.—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J[ames] was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions

not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J[ames], entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror—my spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to shed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.—Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness prove your hand-maids!—If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemn'd—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you.—Mr. J[ames] will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence.—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu.—All grateful thanks to you and Mr. James.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

Sterne did not rise from his bed of sickness. His wife and daughter did not come to him from York, and his only attendant was a hired nurse. Perhaps this was how he chose to meet death. For had he not written :

Was I in a condition to stipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his glisters—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house—but rather in some decent inn—At home, I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows, and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of : but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention.\*

It fell out, however, that one other person was present at Sterne's last moments. Sterne's friend, John Craufurd, was giving a dinner-party at the house he had hired in Clifford Street to

\* *Tristram Shandy*, Vol. VII. ch. xii.



the Duke of Roxburgh, the Earl of March, the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Garrick, Hume, and Commodore James—nearly all of them friends of the author—and the conversation turning on Sterne, Craufurd bade his valet, John Macdonald, go and make enquiries. “I went to Mr. Sterne’s lodging,” Macdonald reported on his return; “the mistress opened the door; I enquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse; I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, ‘Now it is come!’ He put off his hand as if to ward off a blow, and died in a minute.”\* Thus on March 18, 1868, passed away the most volatile and whimsical writer of his age.

Sterne was interred four days later in the burial-ground in Hyde Park Place, which had been recently acquired by St. George’s Vestry.

Hall-Stevenson, in his memoir of his friend, stated that the body had been exhumed and carried to Oxford as a subject for the lectures of the Anatomical Professor in that University, Dr. Parsons; but, in the third edition, he announced that the statement was “totally devoid of foundation,” having been set on foot by an undergraduate who thought it would be a good joke to start a rumour that the Professor of Anatomy was reading lectures upon “Tristram Shandy.”

\* John Macdonald : *Travels in Various Parts of Europe*.

*Alas ! poor Yorick !*

NEAR TO THIS PLACE

LYES THE BODY OF

THE REVEREND LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

DYED SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1768,

AGED 53 YEARS.

*“ Ah ! molliter ossa quiescant.”*

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,  
 Unsully'd worth, and soul without a stain :  
 If mental pow'rs could ever justly claim  
 The well won tribute of immortal fame,  
 STERNE WAS THE MAN, who with gigantic stride,  
 Mowed down luxuriant follies far and wide.  
 Yet what though keenest knowledge of mankind  
 Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind ;  
 What did it boot him ? Ridicul'd, abus'd,  
 By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd.  
 In his, mild Reader, view thy future fate,  
 Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

THIS MONUMENTAL STONE WAS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF  
 THE DECEASED BY TWO BROTHER MASONS : FOR ALTHOUGH  
 HE DID NOT LIVE TO BE A MEMBER OF THEIR SOCIETY,  
 YET AS HIS ALL INCOMPARABLE PERFORMANCES EVIDENTLY PROVE  
 HIM TO HAVE ACTED BY RULE AND SQUARE, THEY REJOICE IN  
 THIS OPPORTUNITY OF PERPETUATING HIS HIGH AND IRREPRO-  
 CHABLE CHARACTER TO AFTER AGES.

W. &amp; S.

Subsequently the errors in date and age in the above epitaph were corrected, and a footstone, with a more appropriate inscription, set up :

IN  
MEMORY OF  
THE REV<sup>D</sup>. LAURENCE STERNE, M.A.

RECTOR OF COXWOULD, YORKSHIRE,  
BORN NOVEMBER 24, 1713,  
DIED MARCH 18, 1768

THE CELEBRATED AUTHOR  
OF  
"TRISTRAM SHANDY"  
AND  
"THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,"

WORKS, UNSURPASSED IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,  
FOR A RICHNESS OF HUMOUR AND A PATHETIC SYMPATHY  
WHICH WILL EVER RENDER THE NAME OF THIS AUTHOR  
IMMORTAL.

*"Requiescat in pace."*

---

THE HEADSTONE TO THIS GRAVE  
WAS CLEANED AND RESTORED, BY THE OWNER OF THE  
"STERNE" PROPERTY  
AT WOODHALL, NEAR HALIFAX, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK,  
WHO ALSO ERECTED THE FOOT AND BORDER-STONES  
IN THE YEAR  
1893.



## AUTHORITIES

FOR the first period of Sterne's life, that is to say, for the forty-six years prior to the publication of "Tristram Shandy," biographical materials are scanty. There is the valuable but brief autobiographical sketch wherein, to use Sterne's words, he "set down these particulars relating to my family, and self, for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity; or a kinder motive to know them"; and with this must be read his letters to Elizabeth Lumley ("Letters to his Most Intimate Friends," I.-IV.), Archdeacon Blackburne (one in the British Museum, Eg. MSS., 2325, f. 1; the second in Mr. Fitzgerald's "Sterne"), Dr. Jaques Sterne (British Museum, Add. MSS., 25479, f. 12), Rev. John Blake (Mr. Fitzgerald's "Sterne"); those printed at the end of the first edition of "A Political Romance"; etc. etc. Sterne's ordination papers (British Museum, Add. Ch. 16158-66) should be consulted, and John Croft's "Scrapiana," as well as his account of Sterne in letters to Caleb Whitefoord ("Whitefoord Papers," pp. 225-32, etc.); Thomas Cox's "History of the Grammar School at Heath" and Robert Davies' "Memoir of the York Press." The earliest account of Sterne in print was written by Dr. Hill in *The Ladies' Magazine*. It was reprinted immediately in *The London Chronicle*, May 3-6, 1760.

Genealogical tables of the Sterne family will be found in Ralph Thoresby's "Ducatus Leodiensis," and in the publications of the Harleian Society; "Familiæ Minorum Gentium," "Visitation of Norfolk," "Visitation of Cambridge." Richard Cannon's "Historical

Records of the 34th. Foot " is of use in following the movements of Laurence's father ; and an estimate of Dr. Jaques Sterne can be arrived at by a perusal of his correspondence in the British Museum Library. Of Dr. John Burton, with whom Sterne and his uncle Jaques came into conflict, the best account is by Robert Davies in *The Yorkshire Archæological Journal* for 1873 ; and there are useful references to Sterne's most intimate friend, John Hall-Stevenson, in Ord's " History and Antiquities of Cleveland," Young's " History of Whitby," Alexander Carlyle's " Autobiography," and Hutton's " Trip to Redcar." Hall-Stevenson's works should be read, especially his " Crazy Tales " and his memoir of Sterne (prefixed to the continuation of " A Sentimental Journey " by " Eugenius ").

For the last eighteen and a half years of Sterne's life, that is, the period subsequent to the publication of " Tristram Shandy," the material is more abundant. First in importance are his letters, some particulars of which will presently be given ; and the " Journal to Eliza " (British Museum, Add. MSS., 34527). Numerous allusions to him will be found in the letters of Walpole Gray, in " Walpoliana," Boswell's " Johnson," Mrs. Delany's " Autobiography," the Garrick correspondence, Cradock's " Literary Memoirs," Garat's " Mémoires historiques sur la vie de M. Suard," Abbé Duten's " Memoirs of a Traveller," and John Macdonald's " Travels in Various Parts of Europe."

The history of Mrs. Elizabeth Draper and her intimacy with Sterne can be traced from his letters and the " Journal to Eliza," and from her letters to members of her family (in the possession of Lord Basing), and to Mrs. Anne James (British Museum, Add. MSS., 34527) ; *Journal of Indian Art*, January 1891 ; and *The Times of India*, February 24, 1894). References to her will be found in *The Bombay Quarterly Review*, 1857 ; James Forbes's " Oriental Memoirs," James Douglas's " Bom-

bay and Western India," Raynal's "*Historie Philosophique*," and Rogers's "*Table Talk*" (ed. Dyce).

For interesting details of Sterne's life "*Notes and Queries*" should be searched. There is much interesting autobiographical material in "*Tristram Shandy*" and "*A Sentimental Journey*."

Those letters of Sterne which have been preserved, with the exception of the few already enumerated, date from the autumn of 1759 to the end of his life. These are, of course, very valuable material, but unfortunately the biographer's task has been needlessly complicated by the editors of the various collections of the correspondence, who as a rule have omitted the date, and often have merely indicated by asterisks or initials the names of the persons to whom they were addressed. Sometimes it has been possible approximately to fix the date, and sometimes the initials are a sufficient clue to the identity of the recipient; but unhappily it is impossible even to guess when or to whom many of the letters were written. To make confusion worse confounded, it has been alleged that many of the letters are forgeries, but this trouble has been mitigated by the examination of Sterne's *Letter-Book* (in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan) by Professor Cross, who has therein discovered no less than thirty letters hitherto regarded as spurious. As a set-off to this, however, it appears that some of the letters in the *Letter-Book* differ appreciably from the printed version. Professor Cross has generally quoted from the *Letter-Book*, "even though," he admits, "it may not represent the letter as it actually passed through the post." The present writer, however, inclines to the belief that the original is probably more nearly arrived at by following the printed version, for, as every one is aware who has written a letter and then copied it, there is an almost irresistible tendency to omission in certain



passages and elaboration in others. This view is, indeed, unconsciously supported by Professor Cross, who, to justify the course he has taken, gives both the Letter-Book and printed versions of the letter to Richard Beringer, the latter being clearly the elaborated form of the other.

The principal collections of Sterne's letters are as follows :—

(1) "Letters from Yorick to Eliza" (1775)—ten letters.

(2) "Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions" (1775)—twelve letters. Nos. IV. to XI. have until lately been regarded as "doubtful"; but No. V. appears in Lydia Sterne's collection as: "To Mrs. M[ea]d[ow]s, Coxwold, July 21, 1765," and Professor Cross has found in Sterne's Letter-Book a copy of No. IX., addressed to Mrs. Vesey, and dated, "London; June 20 [1764]." From internal evidence Nos. X. and XII. may be pronounced genuine; but it is impossible to pronounce as to the authenticity of Nos. IV., VI., VII., and VIII.

(3) "Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne to his most intimate Friends" (3 vols. 1775), edited by his daughter—one hundred and eighteen letters.

(4) "Original Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne" (1788)—thirty-nine letters, of which thirty had appeared in *The European Magazine*, 1787–8. This collection, it is supposed, was edited by William Combe, and the contents were, until recently, regarded as spurious. Professor Cross, after an examination of Sterne's Letter-Book, states that "most of them are in the main genuine beyond reasonable doubt," although he suspects that some have been "edited." Great care must be exercised, notwithstanding, in quoting these, except in the cases where there is corroborating evidence.

(5) "Seven Letters written by Sterne and his

Friends" (1844) edited by W. Durrant Cooper—two letters from Sterne to John Hall-Stevenson.

(6) "Unpublished Letters of Laurence Sterne," edited by John Murray ("Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society," Vol. II., 1855-6)—thirteen letters to Catherine de Fourmantelle (five of which had appeared in Isaac D'Israeli's "Literary Miscellanies," 1840).

Contemporary reviews of "Tristram Shandy," the "Sermons," and "A Sentimental Journey" will be found in *The Critical Review*, *The London Review*, and *The Monthly Review*. The best critical estimates of Sterne's works are by Hazlitt ("The English Comic Writers"), Sir Walter Scott ("Lives of the Novelists"), Walter Bagehot ("Sterne and Thackeray"), Whitwell Elwin ("Some Eighteenth-century Men of Letters"), H. D. Traill ("Sterne" in the "English Men of Letters"), Professor Saintsbury (Chambers's Encyclopædia, and his edition of Sterne's works), Professor Raleigh ("The English Novel"), and Mr. Thomas Seccombe ("Bookman History of English Literature"). With these should be studied Dr. Ferriar's "Illustrations of Sterne," and the excellent appreciation of Sterne as a man and a writer, by Mr. Adams Sherman Hill in *The North American Review*, July 1868.

There have been published three lives of Sterne, one by an Englishman, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (1864; revised 1896, reissued with additions, 1906); one by a Frenchman, M. Paul Stapfer (1870), the biographical chapters of which are avowedly based upon the 1864 edition of Mr. Fitzgerald's work; and the last by an American, Professor Wilbur Cross (1909). Sir Sidney Lee contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography" an elaborate and valuable memoir, with a bibliography containing sources of information hitherto unknown.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

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